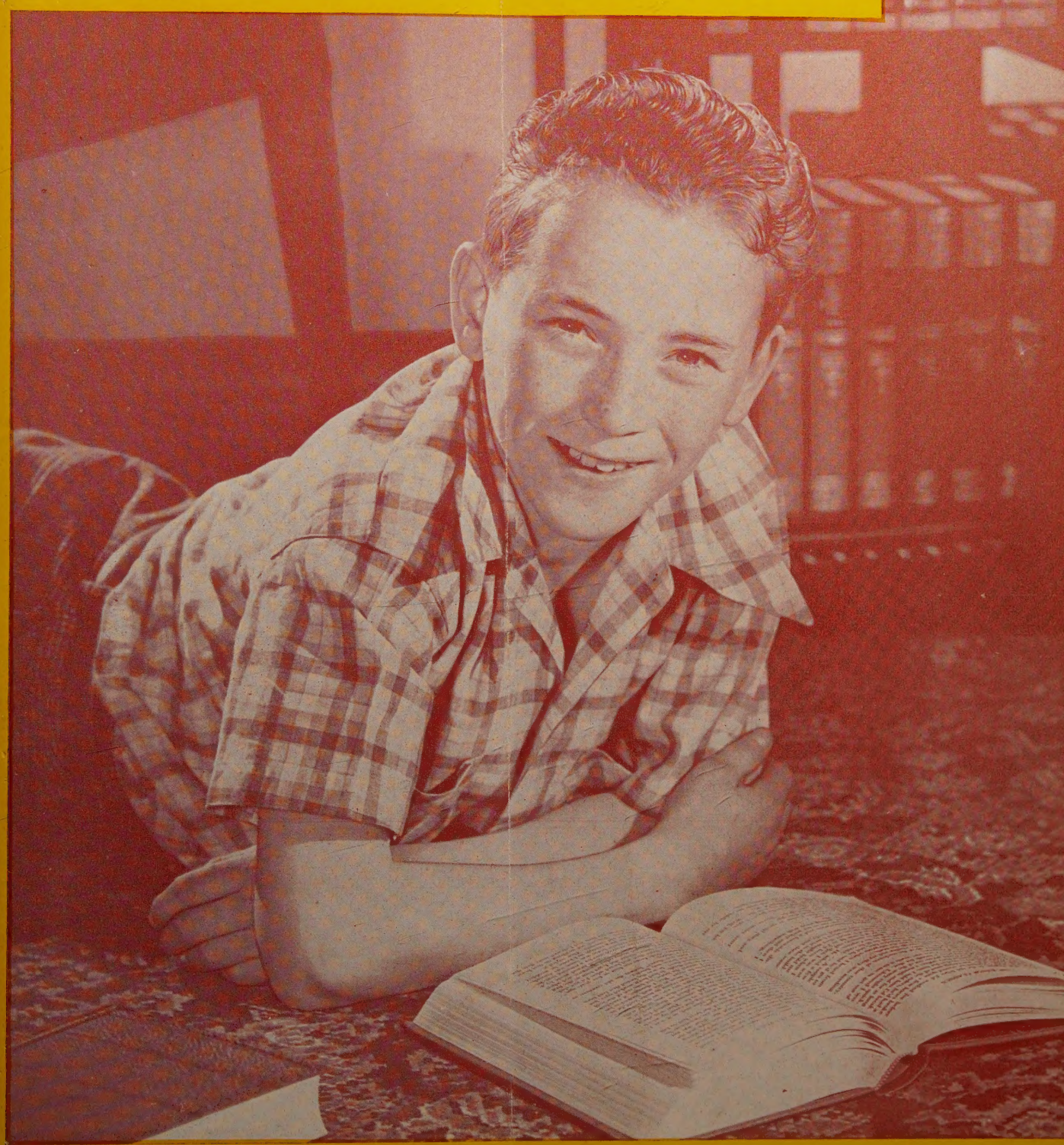
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The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- **Teen-Age Worries**—***Audrey B. Lightbody***
- **Let's Talk About Traditions—Family Traditions!**
 —Lulu S. Hamilton

SEPTEMBER, 1952 - 25c

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

E. Lee Neal, *Editor*

Ida Parker Bieber, *Assistant Editor*

Contents

ARTICLES

Let's Talk About Traditions—Family Traditions! *Lulu S. Hamilton* 2
Teen-Age Worries *Audrey B. Lightbody* 5
Be Kind to Your Minister *Harriet Harmon Dexter* 10
Table Talk on Bible Versions: The Word Goes Round the World *Agnes Henderson* 13
God in the Home (Study Article) *Ed Stowell Mace* 16
The "Poor" Schoolteacher *Annie Laurie Von Tungeln* 18
Make Old Age an Adventure *S. L. Morgan, Sr.* 21
Variety in Pairs *Mrs. Christine B. MacKenzie* 28
Introducing the New Junior Materials *Florence B. Lee* 32
When Father Becomes a Mother *Elmer G. Million* 35
Making Wastebaskets *Nena Palmer* 46

FICTION

Silk Dress *Donna Marie Curran* 7
Middle Child *Shirley Sargent* 30
Children's Stories
The Bells *Helen L. Renshaw* 26
Cousin Tom Helps the Schoolteacher . . . *Glenn H. Asquith* 27

FEATURES

Resources for Worship in the Family with Young Children . . . 24
Biblegram *Hilda E. Allen* 34
Family Counselor *Dr. George W. Crane* 37
Books for the Hearthside 41
For Good Times in the Home
Dust Off the Dictionary *Mabel A. Korpov* 42
A Mother Goose Party *Dorothea Boyd* 43
Timely Tips *Mary Elsnau* 44
All in the Family *Harold Helfer* 44
Study Guide *Ed Stowell Mace* 45
This Is the Way We Did It: Help Keep Pace with the New Attitude *Bill Pasman* 47

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Press-side Chat

If you have never heard of a press-side chat before, there is good reason—the heavy rumble of the presses all but drowns the human voice.

The other day, in our own pressroom, we witnessed an event of importance—we saw a big, new two-color press make its virgin run. We saw bright steel fingers deftly lift large sheets of paper, one at a time, to carry them to the well-inked forms of type. We saw wheels and rollers turning and shifting, and a trough (called a "fountain") of thick red ink churning like sugar and butter being blended for a cake.

The operator, at our request, snatched a printed sheet from the new press. "*Hearthstone?*" we shouted, wishfully. "No," he shouted back; then, sensing our disappointment, he quickly added, "It's gotta run too slow for that just yet."

As we stood fascinated by this intricate mechanism, we called to mind the pictures (see page 13) of the ancient record of Isaiah—the leather scroll laboriously handwritten, still bearing finger and palm marks made by men who lived before the Christian era. What persistence, what enthusiasm were needed then to spread the words of the prophets and the wise men, and the history of man's quest for God! . . . And our press was "too slow" for *Hearthstone!*

Then we wanted to shout, to be heard above the rumble: *Presses work in vain unless people read what they print!* With a Dr.-Crane-like second thought, injecting *Hearthstone* into the picture, we heard voices—"Make it interesting!" "Make it attractive!" "Pack its pages with inspiration!" And that is exactly what we are trying to do—in this *Hearthstone*, in the next, in the others to come. How successful are we? *Let us know!*

Next Month . . .

And now, with just a smear of ink left on the rollers, we'll tell you what to expect from our presses next month: Family Life Among the Navajo; Will Your Teen-Ager Choose a Church Vocation?; teaching materials for use in the home and for church school classes of juniors; the last article on versions of the Bible; another Cousin Tom story; party plans for Halloween. *The ink is all!*

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A Word from The Word

Labor for Eternal Values

When they found him on the other side of the sea, they said to him, "Rabbi, when did you come here?" Jesus answered them, "Truly, truly, I say to you, you seek me, not because you saw signs, but because you ate your fill of the loaves. Do not labor for the food which perishes, but for the food which endures to eternal life, which the Son of man will give to you; for on him has God the Father set his seal." Then they said to him, "What must we do, to be doing the work of God?" Jesus answered them, "This is the work of God, that you believe in him whom he has sent." So they said to him, "Then what sign do you do, that we may see, and believe you? What work do you perform? Our fathers ate the manna in the wilderness; as it is written, 'He gave them bread from heaven to eat.'" Jesus then said to them, "Truly, truly, I say to you, it was not Moses who gave you the bread from heaven; my Father gives you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is that which comes down from heaven, and gives life to the world." They said to him, "Lord, give us this bread always."

—John 6:25-34.



Here is one family's traditional Thanksgiving dinner. No outsiders are present but it's a gala occasion nonetheless. And why not? Lovingly prepared, it is for those who will always count most in this little household. In later years, when hand can no longer touch hand, strong links of cherished memories will bind this family together. (Photo from a family album.)

Let's Talk About Traditions—

Family Traditions!

By Lulu S. Hamilton

Mrs. Clarence S. Hamilton is author of the books: "Doorway to a Happy Home"; "Our Children and God."

JULIAN, a junior high school youth, was in the kitchen at the home of his friend Joan late one afternoon, helping her put the finishing touches on the dinner for that evening. It was a very special dinner, a birthday party for an older sister. Joan was spelling out her sister's name and "Happy Birthday" with tiny silver candy balls, on the pink-frosted cake her mother had baked earlier in the day. Julian was filling with candy little frilled paper cups, also pink. Polished silver and candles were ready on a big tray, and the sink was full of flowers, still to be arranged.

The kitchen was fragrant with the good smells of roasting chicken and spicy pickles, and overflowing with the confusion of last-minute preparations. There had been a lot of silly chatter and teasing banter back and forth among the younger members of the family who were helping, and sometimes interfering, with the progress of the supper. Everyone was gay, occasionally recalling other birthdays and suggesting plans for future ones.

"What do you do on birthdays at your house, Julian?" one child asked their guest.

"Oh, we don't go in for foolishness like this," he said, in a sort of superior, defensive tone. Then he added, a little wistfully, "But I wish sometimes we would."

"Well, what do you do on birthdays?" was asked by two surprised voices.

"Oh, nothing much. Mother says, 'Happy birthday, Julian,' and Dad says, 'Here's a dollar, Son; go give yourself a good time!'"

There are all kinds of traditions. Doing nothing on an important day like a birthday is a tradition as well as taking the trouble to make it a day marked by special family attention and colorful celebration. To some, "tradition" suggests "tradition-bound" or "tradition-ridden," hindering or restricting attitudes or customs. They feel they must be free of all tradition in order to be spontaneous and creative and live fully their own lives. There are others so busy with the seriousness of liv

ing, or with their responsibilities to society that they have no time for "unessentials," which is their name for such things as birthday parties and picnics. We can really never be free of traditions, for we are constantly creating them by our choices of what we shall do and by our habitual ways of thinking and acting.

The question to ask is, "What are good traditions, and how do we discover them or begin them?" A good family tradition will be something the family enjoys doing together. The enjoyment is more important than the doing together, for it is only the happy events we look forward to repeating. Planning or working or playing together in joy creates the right attitudes of cooperation, mutual appreciation and helpfulness. When a similar occasion occurs week after week, month after month, or even year after year, memories pile up to enhance the anticipation of the event, and the meaning and worthfulness of the tradition grow richer and deeper.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, whom every young mother quotes today, said in an address at the Mid-Century White House Conference on Children and Youth, after mentioning the many varieties of opinion on child development, "Solemnly we agreed that there is one thing that is vital to a child—a pair of good parents who love him truly. You know why I say 'truly loving.' I mean not only lots of love, but the well-rounded, easy-going, reassuring kind of love."

Children often question or even doubt the love of parents who are too busy to enjoy their companionship. If we could deliberately plan to have frequent occasions when we would have nothing on our minds but the whole hearted enjoyment of our children, we would be going far toward giving them this "reassuring kind of love." Parents need such occasions, too.

In the average family, most of the hours of the day must be spent in the mechanics of living. Father is off early to work, to earn the wherewithal to support the family. Mother has her hands full with keeping the home in order, washing and ironing, marketing, cooking and cleaning. All these tasks are ways of expressing our devotion for those dearest to us. But we do get into ruts, and sometimes we get tired and cross at the never-ending routine, and take out our feelings on those nearest to us.

HAPPY occasions, now and then, or a happy hour or two at the end of the day will lift us out of ruts, refresh us, and help us make articulate those strong ties of mutual affection we take for granted or even question in the bustle of the day. In the long run, those hours of unhurried enjoyment of each other will prove to be far more significant and longer remembered than anything else we may do together. A birthday is probably the supreme event in the year of a child. It is the one day that is truly and only his, and it is thrilling for him to add another year to his age. There are no limits to what sensitive and imaginative children and parents may devise to give happiness to him and to themselves in the giving. He knows he is loved and enjoyed and respected as a person. Growing up in such a home, each year he will not only "increase in wisdom and in stature" but most surely "in favor with God and man."

Christmas is a time redolent with wonderful traditions, national as well as personal. This is a season especially centered on the wonder and value of the child, and on the home, where family fellowship should be enhanced. In some sense, every Christian family is a "Holy Family" when they love each other truly, and live in joy together. Christmas is also a rare time to expand the family circle in many ways.

And now it's Christmas. Of course, there were presents and a tree, but a traditional Christmas worship service in this same little household gives the occasion—and the family—spiritual significance. One more deposit in the memories' bank. (Family album photo.)



A NUMBER of years ago ten-year-old Roger was unusually distressed because Mary and Joseph had found no place to stay except in a stable.

"I wish I'd been there," he said again and again. "They could have had my room and my bed."

"Well, it's no use wishing that now," said his older and more matter-of-fact sister. Then, recalling a Bible lesson, she added, "Jesus said when he was a man, if you do things for other people, it's like doing them for him. 'I was a stranger and you took me in,' " she quoted.

"Then let's ask a stranger in and give him my bed. Can we, Mother?"

"Yes," said Mother, smiling at her son, but not realizing what it meant to him.

The next day at school, when the children were composing original verses entitled "At Christmastime," Roger

wrote these lines, with some help from an understanding teacher:

Our doors will not be locked,
The shades will not be drawn;
Candles will light the windows
From dark to early dawn.

Warm blazing firelight
Will invite the stranger to come;
We will go to the door to meet him
And invite him into our home.

But no stranger came knocking at their door. His father, seeing how much the idea meant to him, said he would look for a stranger to spend Christmas with them. Through the Y.M.C.A. he located a foreign student who accepted his invitation and went home with him on Christmas Eve. Joyfully, the young son gave up his room to the stranger. That was the beginning of a Christmas tradition which has lasted for eight years in this family. Each year, a complete stranger comes to visit them on Christmas Eve. Preparing for this unknown guest has given added meaning to Christmas and a deeper appreciation of their own home.

BIRTHDAYS and Christmas are very obvious times for tradition-making. But sometimes parents may chance upon an interesting way of doing a routine task which may grow into a meaningful tradition. The young mother of a year-old baby was having trouble persuading her to go to sleep at night at the time her parents thought she should. As a diversion one evening the mother lighted a candle and placed it on a low chest of drawers out of the child's reach, suggesting that she should watch the "pretty light" and its reflection in the mirror. The baby watched the little flickering flame and went to sleep. They lighted a candle on following nights and bedtime came to be "candlelighting time." This continued until the first child and her little sister were old enough to sit at the table with their parents in the evening. Then the candles were transferred to the supper table, and the evening meal became "candlelighting time."

"The children always want candles at night," wrote their mother to a friend. "What is this magic in candlelight? It seems to make them more gentle and quiet. I feel different myself when I sit at a candle-lit table. We love the feeling of togetherness we have when all the other lights are out, and only the soft light of candles shines in our faces."

A candle is a lovely thing
To place before a child;
So very pristine are they both,
So clean and undefiled.

A candle is a charming thing,
When one is grown up quite;
It has a way of bringing stars
To eyes that watch its light.[1]

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Another family has found "evensong" to be one of its most cherished traditions. It started a number of years ago as the young father and mother sang lullabies to their two babies, just a year apart. As they grew older the children joined in the singing. The character of the songs changed as they grew, and when they acquired a piano, they gathered about it after supper to sing for awhile, before separating for other activities. Now both children are in high school, but our even-song continues.



Another time, another family, and another family tradition. Typical of so many homes today, this one is without a piano but it does possess a radio—and resourcefulness. These words appeared on the back of the picture: "How our family worships together. . . . We gather around the radio and sing to the programs." (This photo is not from a family album, but we know the family pictured here.)

One of the daughters confided to a high school teacher, "It's queer how just singing a song or two with Mom and Dad after supper, starts you off right for the evening, whether you're going to grind for an exam, or go to a dance. Once I was so mad at the whole silly human race I couldn't eat. But when Mom began to play and Dad started to rumble along in his deep bass, it seemed like all the bad feeling sort of melted and just ran out of me, and soon I was singing with them."

What she didn't realize was that the singing carried with it all the associations of happiness and security and trust in the goodness of life, built up during the years of happy family living. These were not in the realm of her conscious thinking, but in the profounder depths within her. Somewhere she felt the abiding reality of life, the goodness of life, before which superficial attitudes faded.

Someone may ask, "What about worship? It used to be a family custom, but it is so rare now. Is it still a possibility?"

Family worship surely does call for a different kind of preparation on the part of parents. It is much simpler for most of us to set the table for a birthday party than to set the mood for a period of family worship. For one thing, we

(*Continued on page 39.*)

[1]From *Flame in the Wind*, by Grace Noll Crowell. Copyrighted in 1930-1934, by Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

By AUDREY B. LIGHTBODY*

Teen-Age WORRIES



Ideal date! And why not? Handsome boy, lovely girl, fashionable clothes, perfect poise. But why worry if your last date didn't look like this one. And suppose you did have that all-hands-and-feet feeling and a paralyzed tongue. If you made any mistakes, you were learning. We all have growing pains! Learn to get maximum results from minimum assets.

Transition and growth, with more growth and transition and worries aplenty—such are the teens. Here is help for teen-agers and help for their parents. . . .

JACK IS an "average" boy. His marks in school are average, the amount of money he has to spend is just about average, what he thinks and does are also pretty much on the average side. He is liked by his crowd because of this very quality. And like every other teen-ager, he does a lot of wondering and a lot of worrying.

Oh, neither of these take up all his time. As a matter of fact, if you asked Jack, "What worries you?" the answer would probably come back in the form of a firm, unchallengeable "nothing." And on the surface, it would appear that youth is a time of carefree gaiety and unworried life.

However, watch Jack carefully—see him in these situations. Report cards have just been passed out—that average "B" has gone down to a "C" in a couple of subjects. Jack has all the time in the world to do anything—anything, that is, except go home. Sure, he'll be glad to play in that ball game for a while. So far, Jack hasn't said much. But that hard lump down deep inside—that question, "*Will* my parents understand? Will they take away my nights out because of this?"—is turning around and around. The longer it is put off, the deeper rooted becomes the worry.

Or watch Jack—he wants to take Louise out to the Neighborhood Canteen. This is the first time he has even had the nerve to think about asking her out. Louise is sure a smooth looker, popular, and very gay. Jack had planned to ask her in the morning, but his nerve failed him, and then all day long he worries about how to ask her. "What will she say? Will she make me feel like a fool for asking her?" Worry, worry turning, churning your very insides.

Jack, who is a high school senior, never pauses long to think about this. It is too close! But over and under and around all the other worries and wonders that he has is the dreadful uncertainty of the time in which he lives. "Will I be drafted even before I get the chance to think through my life plan?" "What am I going to do with my life? Shall I be a contractor like my father, or shall I be a doctor?" Over and around, and yet always with the teen-ager, is the worry, the very deep concern, about the uncertainty of his future.

But, as Linda, maybe you are saying, "Some of these things aren't my problems. I am not too good-looking, and my family can't afford to give me all the newest things. The best gang of girls in school snubs me. Boys don't very often ask me for dates. And even

**Mrs. Lightbody is the wife of the minister of the Wakefield Baptist Church, Wakefield, Rhode Island.*

if they did, my clothes might not be right.'' Deep into life go these worries, and they have their effect on the teen-age Linda, or Jack, or Anne.

Anne worries about another things. She is very popular, has dates as often as she wants—can even get out very easily. But the things that bothers Anne is how to have a good time with a fellow without being a prig or without being fresh. She spends much of the time on her dates wondering and worrying. She knows her parents trust her, and very much does she want to live up to that trust. It worries, it disturbs her.



WE HAVE looked at the causes of worry among us. Now let's analyze what worry is. Have you ever heard a song played by an orchestra or over the radio or by a juke box, and then had the tune keep going over and over in your mind? You can't seem to get the words out of your thoughts; you find yourself humming a snatch of the tune. It is persistent. Think of worry as being like that tune. It goes round and round—no new ideas come out of it—it's just there, annoying, disconcerting, and, worst of all, it is disturbing your inner calm. Now tell me, when you've worried about all these problems, have you found a solution?

I can tell you, the answer is ''NO.'' Don't let worry catch hold of you now. It sticks just like a burr for the rest of your life. It reaches out and clings by every fiber until at last it takes possession of you. Instead, let's start today by substituting *concern* for worry. For honest concern leads one to make decisions—to get rid of the cause and once again leave you free to enjoy all of life. Fill your life so full of effort to find the solution to those things that there is no place for anything else but joyous living.

But what are some of the ways in which Jack, Anne and Linda, and all of you teen-agers can leave worry out of your lives? Well, here are a few rules or guides to help you over the teen-age hurdle. They will help as you grow older, too.

1. Develop Your Own Resources. If you can play the piano, try to improve your style. Then, when the group wants someone to play, automatically they'll say, ''Get Joan, she's the best there is.'' If you are good at planning games, think up some new or different ones, and the odds are that you'll be asked often to suggest an evening of fun. If having a hamburger party is just your speed and if you are a good hostess, the crowd will gather 'round your door. Make yourself an interesting person to be with, a leader in some field. It will pay big dividends.

2. *Be popular with a group.* Fit into their plans, bring new life and enthusiasm into the group because you are there. In other words, stop worrying about having a date with a certain fellow. Concentrate on having a good time with a mixed crowd. Get to know each fellow and each girl within the crowd. Let them know what fun you are. Then you will find that a fellow is paying attention to you, or a certain girl is fluttering her eyelashes in your direction. The Youth Fellowship is an excellent place to meet a group that has similar likes and interests. In a church fellowship you will find young people who are trying to find some of the answers, just as you are. Also, you will find their standards set a little higher than average. It is easier not to be a ''worry wart'' in the midst of a group.



''God is with you''

3. Be as neat, clean, and attractive as possible—then forget your appearance and *strive to develop your personality.* Beauty is not always the first thing that attracts either girls or fellows. Beauty that is only skin deep, or that can be applied by costly cosmetics is not always the first thing people look for. Instead of worrying about a face that isn't glamorous, make your life so radiant and beautiful from within that it must shine forth with a special glow. Be one of the teen-age crowd who looks out for someone that has been left out. You worry less about yourself when you think of others. If you attempt these things, then you will be sought out for fun, for lasting friendship. The pleasant personality never needs to worry.

4. *Take your parents into your confidence.* Treat them as if they *might* know what they are talking about. When you are puzzled about what to do on a date, ask for some help. They will only be too happy to give it to you. Your parents are the last people to want you to give up any of the precious moments of youth—to worry. Explain to them about that ''C'' on the report card. Share your happy moments with them, as well as the times of indecision. They will find joy in so many of the little things that are near you. Respect your parents' wishes, and they will try to do the same to yours. But perhaps you say, ''They just wouldn't understand.'' Then find another adult in whom you can confide. Perhaps it is a much older sister or brother, perhaps a teacher at school, or your pastor. It is a very good idea to make them your friends in addition to your parents. For there are times when you will feel that they may be able to give you a better answer. However, do have some *adult* in whom you can *confide.*

5. *Live each day to the fullest and best.* This is the cure for a whole world's worries about the uncertainties of the times. For teen-agers, it is most important. Live each moment of your youth so that no matter what happens, through it all, you will have no

(*Continued on page* 40.)

By DONNA MARIE CURRAN



She had seen the tired sagging lines on his face grow taut, the small blue vein on his left temple pulsating, but she couldn't stop.

"Man does not live by economics alone." Neither does a woman. But when the man does, and his young wife does not . . . The glint of steel may outshine silk's soft shimmer.

Silk Dress

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMONS

KATHIE FACED the front door still holding the box carefully level, both hands outstretched beneath it. She'd held it that way with numb-fingered care all the way from the car line. Now she shifted it to balance on one arm and fished in her bag for the key. Before opening the door, her hand moved involuntarily back to the box, caressing slim fingers across the sleek, smooth cardboard top, her mind picturing the soft exquisite beauty of the dress inside, steeling itself against the suffocation of the small, grim house and the memory of Dave's eyes glinting in unfamiliar steel-gray anger —or was it hate?

She moved inside to the stuffy, closed-in-after-breakfast smells of bacon smoke and stale coffee, to the grim, dim, unloved look of a living room that badly needed cleaning. How could she clean and wash and do all the many meaningless humdrum chores when her husband didn't love her any more? Didn't love her any more! What a notion! What a thing to think! Even if they had quarreled.

But it was a long, vicious quarrel as bitter in tense silences as in violently worded phrases. In one year and eleven months of marriage they'd had many quarrels, mostly small ones, just arguments really, logical outbursts of two high-spirited, not-yet-grown-up personalities getting used to each other. And they'd always managed to get together somehow, to reach each other through their anger.

She sat down numbly, raised the lid from the box, and reached a trembling finger to touch the unbelievable softness of blue-green silk, the blue of a clear summer sky and the green of a fresh, spring-leafing tree exquisitely blended and spread to long shimmering folds. She held it up to her and strained for a glimpse in the small mirror over the desk. The light wasn't good. The folds of material still quivered soft high lights of blue and green, but her face loomed above it, skin too white and tightly drawn, eyes so kind of empty looking—big and overbright, but it was a strained, greedy brightness.

She put the dress carefully back in the box, not quite so tenderly as she had taken it out. The dress had caused the quarrel. She should have known not to bring it up at breakfast. Dave was in such a hurry. He must have been tired, too, she realized now. It cost more than she'd ever paid for a dress, really more than they could afford right now. But she hadn't had anything new for so long, and she'd wanted this one dress so desperately, had been so afraid someone else would buy it.

SHE'D STARTED out with a simple, humble request, very sure that Dave would lift an eyebrow at the price, then kiss her on the forehead and say, "Sure, sweet, if that's what you want, we'll manage it somehow." But he had lifted both eyebrows and confronted her with surly, suggestive silence.

For a while she had reasoned defensively; they argued back and forth with a semblance of logic. Gradually little irrelevancies crept in. Ten dollars he lost in the bus last week. The time she dented the car fender and smashed the headlight, how much did that cost? Well they had to sell the car anyway, it was a stupid thing to buy it . . . the grocery bill . . . the light bill . . . if he didn't leave the radio on all night . . . if she knew anything about how to manage a house . . . on and on. . . .

She had seen the tired, sagging lines on his face grow taut, the small blue vein on his left temple pulsating. But she couldn't stop; neither could he. It had ended with his stomping out of the house, forgetting his brief case. She had gripped it with tense, clenched fingers and couldn't make herself call out to him, expecting him to turn back, halfway suspecting him of leaving it on purpose for an excuse to make up. But his stiff, straight back disappeared with unwavering certainty around the corner. She knew he'd missed the bus and had to wait fifteen minutes for the next one. During the wait he would have realized he'd forgotten the brief case, but he hadn't come back.

The anger seethed and fermented deep inside her as she absently stacked the dishes, waiting for the phone to ring. When by ten o'clock he hadn't called, the anger, doubled by deep cutting hurt, drove her out of the house in sheer defiance to buy the dress.

But now the anger had drained out of her. She put the lid on the box, a sick, squishy feeling pushing at her heart; she was suddenly awfully l o n e l y, remembering Dave's eyes without the glinting anger, soft and gray and loving. What if he had called while she was gone?

SHE MOVED slowly to pick up the litter of newspapers from the living room. Dave always just let them fall wherever he happened to be when he finished reading. But she didn't mind somehow, and felt a little better having picked them up. She raised the blinds; late autumn sun slanted a merciless glint on the layer of dust. The methodical rubbing back and forth of her polish cloth had a hypnotic, therapeutic effect. When she finished, the bright surfaced areas flaunted their brilliance back at the sun. Gradually she worked herself into a flurry of activity, halfway frantic, but almost happy.

It didn't take long to run the sweeper, do the breakfast dishes, and pull the sheets from the rumpled bed. While the white clothes tumbled in the washer, she came upstairs for lunch. Instead of eating, she set out the makings for a lemon pie—Dave liked

Friendship

The world has made much progress,
But with all our modern trends
No one has yet discovered
A substitute for friends.

MARGARET MANESS

Question

No breeze comes though the window
If we keep it locked and barred,
No flower lifts to beauty
When the soil is dry and hard.

So how can anybody
With his face marred by a frown,
Fill cups of joy for others,
When his own is upside down?

INEZ CLARK THORSON

lemon. Only two eggs—she'd have to beat hard to make enough meringue.

The afternoon became a jumble of domestic mechanics. Her mind dictated brief, emphatic orders, and she hurried to follow them. Hang clothes . . . make pastry . . . bring in colored things . . . fill pie . . . bake . . . clean kitchen . . . take pie out of oven. She heard her breath come in short, quick sighs. She hadn't realized how anxious she had been for it to turn out a really good pie. The white cloud of meringue stood up in smart, beige-tipped peaks of perfection.

She buried her face in the crispy sweetness of white sheets, bringing them in right from the line to stretch tight on the bed, so fresh and clean-smelling. She felt somehow clean and fresh herself. Then she laughed at the actual sticky, dirty, look of her. For a moment she stood before the mirror. Heavy brown hair clung damply to the back of her neck. There was a streak of grease from the washer on her chin. But her skin wasn't pale, sick white any more. Her cheeks were pink—Dave used to tease her about her rosy cheeks. There were little dancy, sparkly lights in her eyes.

She was tired, the calves of her legs ached from going up and down stairs; but it didn't show in her face, not nearly so much as the trip downtown to buy. . . .

The dress? It was still folded neatly in the box. She had merely to open the lid and see and feel again the incredible softness of blue-green silk. But she didn't open it. She found the sales ticket in her purse and taped it firmly to the long, sleek cardboard top. It would go much faster if she had everything all ready, and there wasn't much time. Dave would be home soon.

She showered quickly and dressed in the blue cotton suit, Dave's favorite. It was out of season, but it felt very chic. She almost swaggered into the store. Before she had cowered a little as her foot touched the thick plush carpet, and she had waited self-consciously for someone to notice her. Now she went directly to the desk. She didn't look as they took the dress from the box, but she could still see the shimmering folds of softness.

DAVE WASN'T home when she returned burdened with an overbig sack of groceries and a small bunch of sweet peas. She had been certain he would be home. Clinging desperately to the peace and sureness that filled her now, she set the table and arranged the flowers. Still he didn't come.

She found a small candle for the table, struck a match, but before she could reach it to the wick it was snuffed out by the draft of the opening door. There he stood, still stiff and quiet-looking, but smiling a little, happy about something.

"House sure looks nice, honey."

She ran to him then, but he didn't put his arms around her.

"Oh, Dave, I'm so"

"Kathie, I"

At the end of the long day's silence they spoke at the same time, so neither heard nor cared just what was said. He was hugging her close with one arm. She stood on tiptoe and kissed his ear and saw the other arm tucked behind him clutching a box with tight anticipation, a very special box, long and sleek with a fluff of soft, blue-green silk protruding from the corner.

He hadn't carried it as carefully as she. And she didn't much care if he wrinkled the silky softness. It was precious now only because he held it with desperate tightness and wanted her to have it.

The best of men are not completely good;

Some stain of guilt defaces every soul

And molds the badge of faulty humanhood;

Temptation, compromise demand a toll.

The strain of circumstance betrays the will,

Ideals of high integrity are lost,

And foolish man exchanges good for ill

Not taking time to stop and count the cost.

Is there no hope, no light of comfort, then,

No dream to hold, nor high envisioned star

Because the best are but imperfect men,

Not as they long to be, but as they are?

Ah, yes, for this I'll be forever glad:

The worst of men are not completely bad.

FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON



"A good church service is usually the result of the complete drainage of nervous energy on the part of the man who carries the service. . . . Why not simply commend the minister upon leaving the worship service?"

By Harriet Harmon Dexter

The author of "Financing Faith," Mrs. Dexter is Assistant Professor of Religious Education, Northland College. She was formerly editor of the "Church Woman" and at one time was a missionary to China. The daughter of a minister, A. D. Harmon, she grew up in a manse.

Loved and respected but often inhumanly treated—that is the paradox the minister faces. And today, more than ever, as he pastors an uneasy flock in rugged, tension-filled areas—far from green pastures—he needs the layman's help and understanding to make his mission effective.

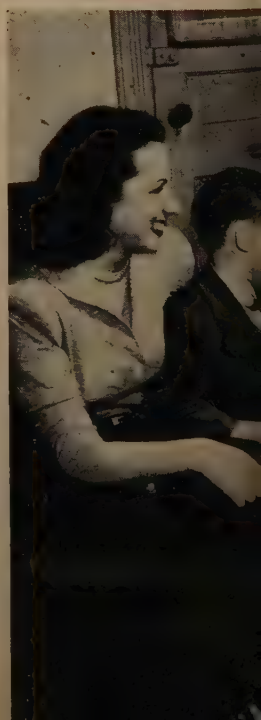
Be Kind to Yo

A MINISTER in any community has several breaks in his favor. Unlike the doctor, he does not have to hang out his shingle and wait for patients. Unlike the insurance agent, he does not have to buy out a business in order to get in on a going concern. Unlike the manufacturer, he finds his work is not limited by government priorities. Unlike the farmer, he finds his work is not seasonal. The minister is in his community because his church members wanted him; he was invited; he steps into a live (more or less) organization. And perhaps more important than any of these factors, he represents an ideal so highly respected that it makes him immune to certain restrictions that hobble other professional men. It would seem that there is nothing left to ask for. No one would want to be unkind to a man who holds such a unique position.

The minister is not only accorded respect in a community, he is also beloved by the members of his flock. He may shout when he preaches, much to the discomfort of members of the congregation, but criticism of him usually ends with, "I can forgive that because I remember how much he did for us when Millie was sick." Or he may say "Ah-ah-ah," to the distraction of those who listen to his sermons. (One noted result of this fault is that it keeps the children awake counting the "ah's.") But they forgive him the bad habit because "He is so friendly with everyone; never has his nose out of joint."

Church people definitely want to love their minister.

What a paradox, then, that they should be warned to be kind to him! But the whole life of a minister is something of a paradox. His congregation wants good sermons, and wants them every Sun-



A minister's work is never done. Taking part in an interfaith visitation program, this minister is calling on newcomers in his zone.

day. At the same time they want their minister to be socially active—to be a member of a service club, to be active in civic, social, interdenominational, nation-wide interests. They want him to be a good brain for business, to pay his bills promptly, to keep his home, his family and his person in presentable condition; yet sometimes they think he is less than religious to make a point of securing a cost-of-living increase in salary. They want their minister to speak understanding words of sympathy and advice for every heartbreaking situation any member may experience; yet they resent his having life-situation experience that makes his understanding possible. They want perfect children in the minister's home; perfect calm in the face of world upheaval; perfect patience when problems pile up; perfect equanimity at all times.

So perhaps it is fair to say to any congregation, "Be kind to your minister!" In the first place, treat him like a human being. He may be the Reverend Mr. Somebody in his official capacity, but on other occasions he is plain "Mr." Also, he does not want to be a pedestal-sitter. A young woman who greatly admired the pastor of her church remarked, "I always think about how much more he knows than anyone else, and I can never be quite natural when I am with him. He is just too wonderful." Of course, he knows a lot. But so did the young woman. She knew more than the minister about a 1952-model baby, about washing ironing, and preparing three meals a day. She was positively unkind to her minister by setting up a wall of over-respect.

Occasionally some minister likes the remote dignity of being considered "the cloth," but the very fact that most ministers discarded the garb that distinguishes them from men in other walks of life indicates their desire to be part of the warm world of people rather than the world of the cloister.



Here, a minister is giving the church basketball squad some pointers during midweek practice.

linister



BE KIND to your minister! Give him a little privacy. Especially in smaller communities, there is a tendency to consider the parsonage almost as much church property as the church building itself. Too frequently the women's organization buys, or at least assumes responsibility for the upkeep of, the parsonage. Therefore, every woman in the church feels a proprietary right to inspect any area of it that strikes her fancy. One frantic minister's wife, after a delightful open house for the church members, learned that every closet had been opened.

"We wanted to know what kind of housekeeper we had in the manse," was the bland statement of one woman. Of course, the woman in the minister's house is his housekeeper, but she is also his wife. They both deserve the privacy that a home should afford. If this seems to be an extreme case, just check the number of times the parsonage is considered the reserve for dishes, silver, vases, food, and other items need at the church; or, by using the minister's dining room as a meeting place, another Sunday school class is taken for granted. The proverbial people in glass houses do not live as exposed a life as does the average minister. Be kind; pull the shades of privacy around the minister's home.

THEN, WHAT about Sunday, "the day of rest"? Not for the minister. The Sunday schedule for preachers, of course. A well-staffed city church will divide the day's ministerial work between the minister, an assistant, a youth worker or a director of religious education. Most churches, however, are not so fortunate. The preacher does the work. It is not the exception but the rule that the minister teaches a Sunday school class, conducts the regular worship service, and has one or two youth groups. Sure, that's his business, but is it an overdose of business?

A scientific study of energy consumption revealed that a preacher uses as much energy in a one-hour church service as does a farmer in an eight-hour work day. Unbelievable—to everyone but the minister. A good church service is usually the result of the complete drainage of nervous energy on the



This minister finds a few minutes at the end of the day to read the story of the Savior to his son.

part of the man who carries the service. A minister expects to give this service. The "be kind" admonition comes to those people who add to the day's normal load. Why not simply commend the minister upon leaving the worship service instead of standing at the door and pouring out the week's troubles?

Then what about inviting the minister to dinner on Sunday? Usually the last thing he needs after a Sunday service is to be blithely social, to talk and carry the burden of conversation for an hour or two. Many women argue to themselves, "We are going to have a very good dinner Sunday. If we invite the preacher and his family, it will save getting another company dinner during the week, and we just ought to have them." Sounds a little crass when put into words, but it is about the way the reasoning goes. Be kind to the minister. Invite him to dinner at his convenience, not yours.

The same thoughtfulness holds true for scheduling extra meetings on Sunday. Perhaps members of the congregation find free time on Sunday afternoon or evening, but if it is a session which the minister is invited to attend, it is just one more activity on the already too full day. And of course, he would be the last one to suggest putting it at another time. A minister is very kind to his flock.

Realizing that Sunday is not the rest day for the preacher that it is for other men, should not the church members try to give him a free day? It is hard to remember that Monday—or some other day—is his day of rest, but the entire church profits by respecting it.

Again, ministers differ in the way that they can best spend Saturday night. In two large city churches one minister always tried to have relaxing social diversion on Saturday nights; it was his favorite night to be invited to dinner or to spend the evening with friends. In the other church the most disrupting experience of the minister was a social occasion on Saturday night. His mental and emotional build-up for Sunday morning started the evening before, and if the chain was broken, he suffered from it. It pays to find out the "funny little things" about the preacher!

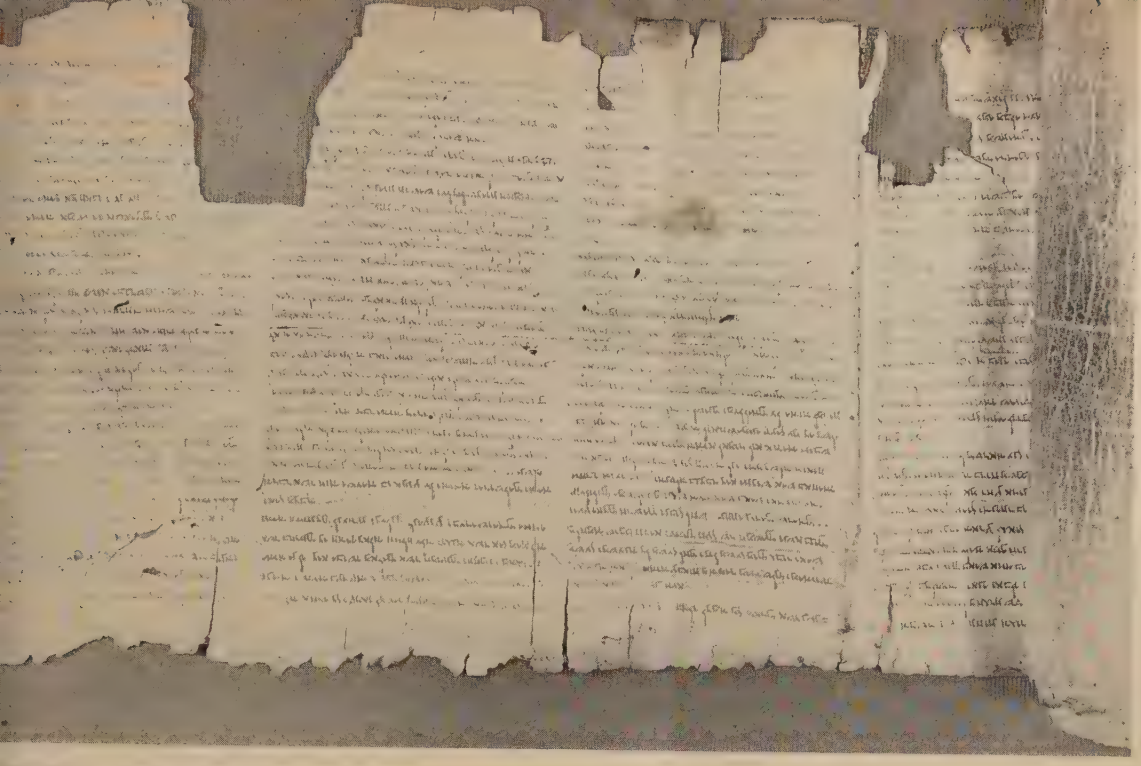
ONE OF THE KINDEST kindnesses to a minister is to be honest with him before he comes to the job. The period during which a church is without a preacher should be a period of self-examination. Every church feels that it wants the best minister it can get—without putting too much money into him, of course. A prospective minister is usually put on the spot: quality of his sermons, his social standing in the community he is leaving, his reputation as a civic leader, his business standing, his ability to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut, his enthusiasm, his family—all these points are directly or indirectly checked. But how frequently does a congregation check itself to know what it has to offer a good minister? What is its record for loyalty, for development, for business and social integrity, for broad-mindedness?

Should a preacher ever make a mistake? Should he ever get discouraged or feel overburdened? The answer is another question: Is a preacher human? There is a beautiful story from the Book of Exodus that relates how Moses encouraged his people in battle by holding up the rod of God in his hand. When he held up his rod, Israel was strengthened; when he let his hand down, the enemy prevailed. But Moses grew weary. Then his comrades brought a stone for him to sit on, and standing one on each side, they held up his hands until the going down of the sun. Moses was a marvelous preacher and a beloved leader, but his comrades had to hold up his hands to insure his success.





The parsonage at the right is in West Virginia; the one below, in Texas. But wherever they are, they should be looked upon as the minister's private home, not just church property.



Isaiah, written in ancient Hebrew on a scroll found by a Bedouin in 1947 in a cave 7 miles south of Jericho, near the Dead Sea. These are the first 3 columns of the scroll.

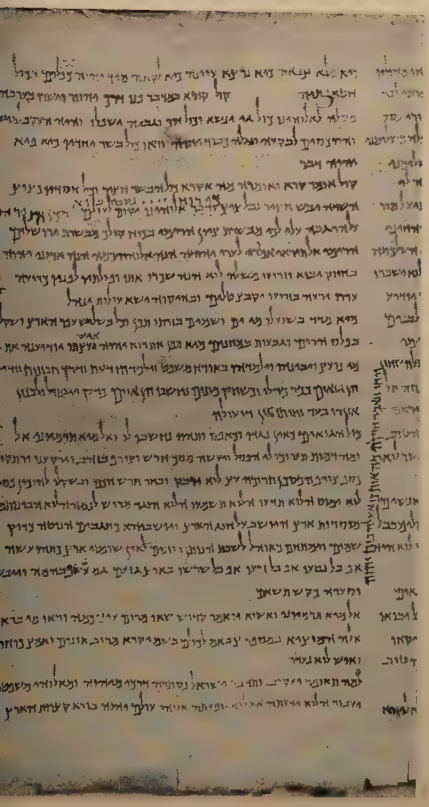


Table Talk on Bible Versions

The Word Goes Round the World

By Agnes Henderson

"Fine!" congratulated Mr. Morris as Dick finished relating the fascinating history of the Codex Sinaiticus.

"Isn't that interesting! Dead languages aren't so dead after all," mused Lois.

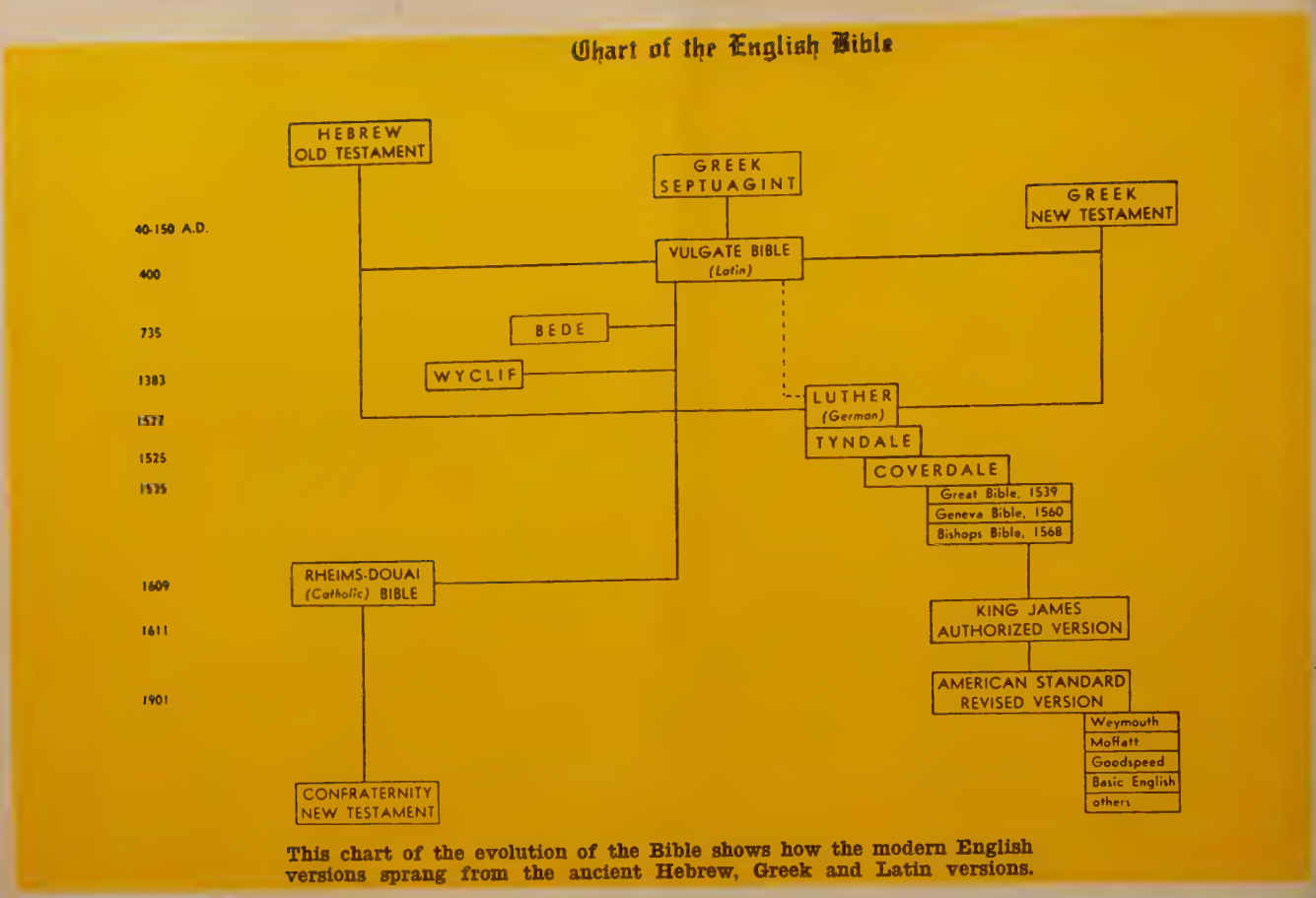
"And modern translations into languages other than English are just as interesting," suggested Mother. "Did you ever stop to think how much work and time were required to put the Scriptures into forms so that the people of Africa and Asia and the islands of the sea could read them?"

"There's a picture in our church school paper," said Buddy, happy

Above—Isaiah Scroll, column 33 (Isaiah 40:2-28). The entire scroll consists of 17 sheets of leather (parchment) and is 24 feet long. The "oldest Biblical roll hitherto known," it shows evidence of wear from use in ancient times. Its discovery was sensational.

Right—Dr. John C. Trever, who first identified the ancient manuscript, is holding the scroll. With him is the Metropolitan of the Syrian convent in Jerusalem who had bought the scrolls from the Bedouin. (Photos on this page are by John C. Trever. Courtesy, "The Biblical Archaeologist.")





This chart of the evolution of the Bible shows how the modern English versions sprang from the ancient Hebrew, Greek and Latin versions.

to find a subject at last that he knew something about, "which shows Negro boys in Africa learning to write in the sand instead of on paper or on a blackboard. The missionary is their teacher and he has a Bible in his hand which he is using as a textbook."

"And the language they are using was 'invented' by the missionaries so far as its written form is concerned," added Mother.

"Language invented by missionaries? What do you mean, Mother?" asked Lois in real surprise.

"Just that. The natives of many countries, notably central Africa, had no written language until missionaries went there. It was not an easy task to learn a language which had no literature; then construct a written form to suit the spoken tongue; then teach the people to use the written language; then translate the Bible and other good books into the new language, and finally, teach the people to read it."

"Mercy, no! Who did all that?" asked Dick.

"The early missionaries," Mother assured him.

"Well, I'd say they had a big job!"

"They surely did," agreed Mother. "And in the Congo, that happened only thirty or thirty-five years ago.[1] You will scarcely believe it, but some of those African Christians who had no written language a few years ago, have actually learned to use the typewriter and the printing press very successfully."

"Mother, did you learn all that at missionary meetings?" inquired Buddy.

"Oh, I've been reading a lot, too," Mother smiled.

"Funny about the African's ideas of writing at first," commented Mr. Morris. "I have heard Dr. Dye say that, when the missionaries first went there, the natives were afraid of 'paper that could talk!' "

" 'Paper that could talk,' " laughed Buddy.

"Paper does talk, doesn't it! And, my, what it tells us!" exclaimed Dad. "I was reading the other day about a community in India in which Christian ideals were changing the whole group and still they had never heard a preacher. It was all because a copy of the Gospel of Luke had been brought into the community and everybody became interested in the new doctrine through this one little 'paper that talked.' "

"The missionary pioneers did not always have paper to put the message on, either," said Dick. "Mr. Huff was telling us about a man named Bartholomew Ziegenbelg who translated the Bible into Tamil, one of the many languages of India. He could not find paper to write it on, so he scratched it on palm leaves."

"The Bible in Chinese required lots of paper," said Mr. Morris. "It took eight volumes to hold the first Chinese Bible. You see the Chinese character-writing takes up much more room than English."

"Yes," agreed Mother, "and after all that work, the priests tried to keep people from reading the Bible by telling them that Robert Morrison[2] and

[1]Dr. and Mrs. Royal J. Dye were the earliest missionaries of the Disciples of Christ to the Belgian Congo.

[2]Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, wrote a *Chinese Grammar* (1814), a six-volume *Chinese Dictionary* (1821); translated the New Testament (1814) and, in collaboration with William Milne, translated the Old Testament (1821).

other missionaries used stupefying ink which hypnotized people into following the strange doctrine. They succeeded in making it harder for the missionaries. But the printed page meant much to the Chinese people and so the Bible in Chinese was never completely destroyed, not even when they burned piles of Bibles during the Boxer Uprising."[3]

"I understand there was a great increase in the sale of Bibles after the Boxer Uprising," Dick informed the group. "Although they tried to drive out all Christian influences, the sale of Bibles jumped from 10,800 to 32,000 the first year, and then to 86,000 by 1903."

"Isn't there a story about the Bible in a pillow, Dad?" asked Lois.

"Yes, that is an interesting story, too," said Dad, as he smilingly signaled Mother that the dishes could wait for a good story, any old time. "That story has to do with Burma and the tragic days of Adoniram Judson.[4] You remember Judson was the first missionary to go out from America to *any* country. He found every conceivable sort of trouble in Burma.

"The people of Burma were at war with England and, since Judson spoke English, they threw him into prison although he was an American citizen. It was the filthiest sort of place imaginable and many prisoners died. Mr. Judson was very ill and Mrs. Judson finally was able to persuade the jailor to move him to a deserted lion cage outside the filthy prison, and to let her bring him some bedding. When she brought him a pillow she slipped into it his unfinished manuscript of the Bible in Burmese, hoping that he could have some opportunity to work at it while in prison. He was very glad to have both the manuscript and the bedding. But the jailor also liked the pillow and appropriated it to his own use. Mrs. Judson brought a much nicer pillow and persuaded the Indian jailkeeper to take the better one, and so saved the manuscript for a time.

"Mr. Judson occasionally found a chance to work on the translation when no suspicious eye was upon him. Months later, the authorities moved the prisoners to Ava, and a prison guard stole the precious pillow. He wanted only the straw matting which covered it, and so he ripped it off and threw away the real pillow—and the manuscript.

"And that is where a beautiful story of friendship comes in. The Judsons had had a faithful servant named Moung Ing, who loved them so much that he wanted to keep something as a souvenir of the days spent with them. When he saw the discarded pillow he recognized it and immediately rescued it.



"Some time later the English won the war and all British and American prisoners were released at once. It was a happy time when Adoniram Judson came home to his beloved wife Ann, ready to go to work again at the tedious task of re-translating the Bible into Burmese. Ing rejoiced with his friends and one day showed them his souvenir pillow. To the surprise of all, the manuscript was still intact."

"There's another mighty interesting story about how the Bible came to Japan," said Dick. "Tell it, Dick," urged Buddy.

"Three Japanese sailors were lost at sea in a frail sort of boat," related the historian of the family. "They finally floated onto the coast of China and were rescued. Mr. Gutzloff, a Dutchman, cared for them and learned their language so he could translate the Bible into Japanese. You see, no alien could go into Japan at that time, for the authorities had proclaimed to the world: 'So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's god, or the Great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head!'

"That was a very bold proclamation and it kept foreigners out and Japanese in for nearly three hundred years. But one day a Dutch Bible floated ashore on the Japanese coast. It was picked up, dried, and given to the commander of the Japanese troops. Curiosity got the better of him, and he could not rest until he had obtained a copy in a language he could read. Hearing it could be obtained in China, he risked his position, and probably his head, by sending to China for a copy of the Bible in Japanese. He was delighted with the new teachings he found in the wonderful new book in his own language translated by the Dutch Christian, Gutzloff. Later on, after Japan opened her doors to foreigners, Dr. Verbeck, the first missionary to Japan, again translated the Bible into Japanese and published it far and wide.

"But translators always have a hard time, especially when the language is so unfamiliar as the Japanese language was to Mr. Gutzloff and Dr. Verbeck. There were many errors in these early translations. One rather humorous error occurred in the Lord's Prayer. Of course, the missionaries rushed the work of getting the Bible translated and the translator did not know the language very well. When he wanted to find out the word for 'heaven' he pointed up and asked, 'What's heaven?' The Japanese did not know 'heaven,' so they gave him the word for 'upstairs.' Then he somehow got the diminutive form for Father, so that when he really learned the language he was shocked to discover that he had actually translated the prayer to begin, 'Our Papa who lives upstairs.'"

[3] In 1900.

[4] Adoniram and Ann Judson were American Baptist Missionaries. They went to India in 1812 and to Burma in 1814. In the meanwhile the American Baptist Missionary Union was founded with its primary object to keep the Judsons in the field. Besides translating the Bible, Judson compiled a Burmese grammar, a Burmese dictionary and a Pali dictionary.

Of course, you'll say, yours is a Christian home and God is constantly present. Just to make doubly sure, do a little checking. Befort starting any self-analysis, you'll want to read . . .

GOD i



How many inches long is the baby? How tall is Junior? . . . We are always measuring the physical growth of our children. Are we as much interested in gauging their spiritual development?

FAITH is native to the little child. He must live by faith for, at first, faith is all he knows. He has faith that his food will be provided; faith in a mother's loving care; faith that he will be protected by his father; faith in the good intentions of everyone around him.

Such elementary faith, however, is inevitably conditioned by the experiences through which the child grows. What kind of faith will it become? Will his faith become mere superstition? Will it be dwarfed and stunted until it becomes the conviction that to believe anything which cannot be touched or seen is naïve credulity? Or will it be a growing, maturing, and understanding fellowship with Jesus Christ, the teacher and son, and with God, the Creator and Father?

The answers to these questions, particularly in early years, depend to a great extent upon the kind of parents the child has and the kind of atmosphere they create in his home.

Does God live in your home? This is the most important question a parent must answer. Is God recognized in the daily conversation? Is gratitude for his blessings remembered regularly—say at each meal? Do his will and his way enter consciously into any of the important family decisions? Is prayer a natural and easy experience in your home? Is the home actively and naturally related to the church fellowship? The answers to questions such as these will determine whether God really lives in your home. It is the atmosphere of confident faith in God and constant fellowship with God that must lay a background for the development of the faith of a little child. What the child experiences in the life of the family will determine much more the direction of his faith than anything that is said to him.

The influence of the home on his faith goes even further than that! The very attributes which you would have your child see in God must, in some measure, have entered into his experience because he has seen them in his home. How much more will you be able to tell a child when you say, "God is love," if he has been and is loved, and if he sees love about him in the relationships of the family? How much more easily will he understand God's kindness if he has known kindly people? How much simpler will be the task of explaining the meaning of God's forgiveness, if he has been lovingly forgiven, and if he has been understandingly led through the experience where he, too, must forgive? His concept of God, as it matures, will be built in terms of the relationship of God through Jesus Christ.

HOW DOES one create such an atmosphere? For the reverent and devoted Christian parent it is not difficult. It comes almost naturally—almost, but not quite. For, without some conscious planning and some definite expression, our consciousness of God is likely to be submerged in the press of the busy affairs of the average home.

Have some definite plan and time for family devotional life. It doesn't have to be like mine, nor at the same time as your neighbors'. But have it at some time and in some way!

Don't be afraid to talk in your home as if God were a real person. Isn't he? Aren't his presence and his guidance important? Then let the children growing up in your home know it, not by the pious repetition

By ED STOWELL MACE

Minister of the Heights Christian Church, Houston, Texas.

he HOME



Preparing her church school lesson. To build a good Christian home, have some of the tools available—the Bible, a Bible dictionary, maps, church school literature, church periodicals, pictures, songs, stories, religious fiction.

of "religious" phrases, but in the real-life attitudes and verbal expressions which indicate his presence and his importance.

Watch your casual remarks. Children and young people sometimes give inordinate weight to our most offhand and inane remarks. I know a young woman who to this day hates God because when she was a child she heard her distraught mother, sorely beset with momentary problems, say, "God must be punishing me for my sins." If such can be the result of the casual remark of a godly woman, how much more devastating can be words spoken in anger, or selfishness, or despair!

Give the church and its activities high priority in your home. Have Christian literature around—the Bible, of course, and also some of the better Christian novels and your church periodicals, religious pictures, songs, and stories.

How can we explain "God is love," unless we create an atmosphere of love in the home?



Lose no opportunity to welcome the living presence of God in conversation, in the moments of decision, of sadness or of trial. The atmosphere of such a home does far more than simply create the proper climate for teaching about God—it will make a more secure and a happier home!

In such a home we may take a little child's hand and walk in search of God. He learns eagerly about his heavenly father. He finds no difficulty in believing what we tell him. God is everywhere. It is hard to understand, but he has no doubts. All of life is a wonder, and there are so many unbelievable things.

His earliest questions are religious questions. Shame on us when we try to reply to a religious question with a secular answer! "Where did I come from?" the three-year-old asks. He is not seeking scientific data. Later he will want that information. Now he is asking the age-old question discussed in the Book of Genesis. While a mumbled something about the stork, or a modern lecture on genetics may satisfy him, his question goes unanswered until his father or mother takes him to the feet of the Creator. "God made you" may sound like what Grandmother might have said, but it is still the beginning of the only true and direct answer to the child's question.

All nature is a grand adventure in exploration and discovery. What an opportunity to point out God's handiwork to marveling eyes! The little child talks to God naturally and readily. Prayer is no mystery to him. He needs only to be introduced to it, and

(Continued on next page.)

God in the Home

(*From page* 17.)

helped to know what to say to express his thoughts, and then to be set free to find his own expressions—some of them, no doubt, frightfully unorthodox!

As a child grows, his conception of God will grow. A part of this process of growth involves doubts produced by the growing child's experiences and experiments in relationship to God. The wise parent must be neither shocked nor terrified by the questions or statements of frank doubt. These may be way markers of Christian growth. Don't lose these golden opportunities for guiding your loved ones, by showing the faintest indication of surprise or fear.

The earliest question may be, "If God made everything, who made God?" Later the inescapable problem of evil will become a part of the picture, "If there is a God, and he answers prayer, why did my pet die?" And still later in high school or college, "How can I believe in the God of the Bible in the light of what I am learning in my science classes?"

These questions are not sacrilegious. They come out of a deep reverence for truth. Furthermore, the fact that your child comes to you is a sign of his confidence in you. Admittedly, they are not easy to answer—especially these later questions. They call for soul-searching and soul-stretching upon the part of both parent and child. And woe to the parent who has forgotten how to learn! But rest assured that both can grow through these experiences until they understand, as never before, that God is not only the Creator of the flowers and birds, the answerer of children's prayers, the loving provider of the necessaries of life, but that he is also the creative power in and behind and beyond the orderly universe, which includes the infinities of the galaxies and the infinities of the atoms, and is still the heavenly Father whose creative love is in and about us.

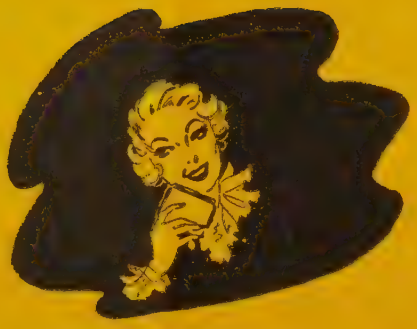
The parent, of course, will find many helps in guiding his child in this quest for God. The church school will help. The youth group will help. A partly Christian community influence will help. But the main responsibility lies in the home. It is there that God must become a living part of everyday life.

◆ ◆ ◆

TRANSFORMATION

No morning devotions—
How dim is the light!
Five minutes with God—
All the world's bright!

—Mayme Garner Miller



The "Poor" Schoolteacher

I FOR ONE, am sick and tired of being called a "poor" schoolteacher. If "poor" is used to describe our financial status, which it usually isn't, well and good, no word could apply more accurately. But if it indicates a dejected, downtrodden creature—some species of garden worm—as it frequently does nowadays, I object.

During the last few decades teachers have suffered an amazing loss of prestige. That loss of prestige, I might add, accounts in large part for the present scarcity of teachers. Some forty years ago, when my own mother was teaching, she was a respected and influential person in the community. Folk looked up to her. Although teachers earned little, even in those days, there was, at least, honor attached to the profession—and sometimes honor means more than money.

So what? Well, after all, Mr. and Mrs. Parents, you *do* want personable, well-balanced men and women to share with you in the training of your children, don't you? It is just possible that if you don't lend your influence toward attracting intelligent, wholesome young people into the profession, you may wake up one of these days to find your Johnny or Mary without a teacher!

Where shall we put the blame for our lowered status? "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Yes, before you beat me to it, I'm going to start right in with ourselves. I'll come to *you*, Mr. and Mrs. Public, later. (Honestly, that's one of the virtues of schoolteachers. Most of us can see two, even three, sides to a question. That comes partly, you know, from trying to take into consideration the youngsters, you patrons, and ourselves.)

You're right, if we're ever going to regain the respect of the public, it is up to us to make folk realize that teaching is a profession, as truly as is medicine or law or the ministry. In order to do that, we must *be* professional; we must act professional; we must, to use an old-fashioned but meaningful term, "live up" to our profession. You have a right to expect us to be as ethical as members of other professions; we cannot afford to go ranting around about the school board, the superintendent, our principal and fellow-workers—nor about our pupils, for that matter. You parents would like us to remember that you send us the best you have, and it's up to us to do the best we can with our products. (After all, some of us are not such intellectual giants ourselves—college records prove it—as we would like to make folk believe!)

We must be proud that we are teachers, for our self-esteem in large part determines public regard. If we are ashamed of our own profession, how on earth can

By ANNIE LAURIE VON TUNGELN

More clamor than glamour is the schoolteacher's fare
While she molds, trains and shepherds each child in her care.
But teachers are human, and parents are, too,
And that makes for problems—with two points of view.

To find their solution, good humor we'll need,
Plus a dash of intelligence and a true Christian's creed,
For "to do unto others" includes teachers, you see;
But that's not the whole of this good writer's plea.

—*I. P. B.*

we ask you to respect it or us? You would be shocked, and so, incidentally, would we, to hear a pediatrician, for example, say apologetically, "I'm just a child specialist." You must look with equal abhorrence on those of our number who admit reluctantly, "I'm just a schoolteacher"! If we teach, as we should, because we enjoy our contacts with youth—with your youngsters, to be specific—you'd like us to state the fact enthusiastically! It's probably our own fault, too, that we haven't made more of you realize that teaching is creative work—infinitely greater than a mere doling out of dry facts! Certainly, if we are going to receive the respect we deserve, we cannot afford to be mealy-mouthed about the value of our service to the community and to the nation.

I SUSPECT you feel, too, that it's up to us, if we are to be respected as individuals, to make people realize that we are human. Maybe it is our own fault that some of you think of us—if you do think of us at all—as a drab species of daytime plant which simply closes up in the evening, incapable of ever putting out an exotic night-bloom. There is no denying that folk do shy away from us. If we are women, maybe you think we are bossy and know it all. (Alas, too often we have given you plenty of occasion for thinking so!) And as for what is, unfortunately, a rapidly disappearing species—a man teacher in an elementary or secondary school—folk murmur, "The sissy, surely he could find something else to do besides teaching."

Sometimes it seems to come as a surprise to both parents and pupils that we have hobbies; that we must keep dental appointments; that our stomachs function quite normally and that we like good food when we have the money to buy it; that many of our number have dependent mothers or fathers to support; that we like sociability; that we enjoy traveling if we can make our budgets stretch far enough; that we laugh and sometimes weep just like other people. There are, I agree, things that we could and should do toward helping realize that we are human: you have every right to expect us to be useful members of our communities; to make ourselves attractive as individuals, not oddities as teachers, by cultivating social graces and broadening the scope of our interests.

NOW, BY WAY of a look at the other side of the picture, may I air a few pedagogical peeves toward you, the public, particularly that part of you who are parents? Too many folks, perhaps unthinkingly, assume a patronizing attitude toward us. This incident illustrates what I mean: Several years ago when I was teaching in a town of about fifteen thousand, a civic club invited all the teachers of the school system to a dinner party at the country club. Hearing of the gracious invitation, a mother chirruped brightly to a group of us, "Oh, how nice! It will give you teachers a chance to see the country club!" It so happened that all of us had had numerous opportunities to view the inside as well as the outside glory of the edifice, possibly as many times as the woman who made the remark. But whether we had or had not seen the country club made no difference, the condescending attitude hurt keenly.

Here is something else that hurts. If we have taught as many as five years, the question we hear most frequently from that portion of the public which may not have seen us for a few months is, "Are you still teaching school?" It is always asked in a politely shocked voice with derogatory emphasis on "still." The fact that a physician, by way of example, has practiced his profession for, say, twenty years, and may be turning gray about the temples, is not made an excuse for asking so often, "Are you still a doctor?" We take for granted that if a man chose medicine as his profession, he is still a doctor unless he has retired. Why not accord the same courtesy to those of us who chose teaching as our profession? Teaching is not, or should not be, just a stepping-stone to something else, any more than is law or medicine or the ministry or parenthood, for that matter. Few of us, I think, would have the effrontery to ask the father or mother of even the most difficult child, "Are you still the parent of that dreadful Johnny who caused the teachers so much trouble last year?" It would help to remember, too, I think, that teachers can grow old quite as gracefully, perhaps more so, because of their association with youth, than men and women in other professions.

You, feminine public, are sometimes guilty of something else which hurts our pride more, per-

haps, than anything else you could possibly do. (I am sincere in saying that it is the knowledge of such "trifles" as this, even more than low salaries, which is keeping intelligent, worth-while young people from entering the profession.) You invite us to a tea or a reception. We come to school on the morning of the great occasion in our best bib and tucker and try desperately all day to keep the chalk off our blouses so that we can still make a presentable appearance by four o'clock in the afternoon. We rush like mad after school to return our books to the library and clear our rooms so that we will have time to run a comb through our hair and powder our noses before we go social. We realize, of course, that we may not appear quite so spick and span as you mothers who have had more time in which to dress, but we do our best. We don our white gloves, which we carried in our purses carefully wrapped in tissue paper, and set out for a "social" occasion.

Mind you, we think it is to be social—didn't we receive lovely handwritten invitations? We appreciate your hospitality and want to make a good impression. We enter your home happily and unwarily, expecting to enjoy pleasant chitchat over a cup of tea, just like other human beings. Then, what do some of you do? No sooner are we safely inside the door than you pounce upon us and proceed to bawl us out—I mean just that—for something we have or have not said, something we have or have not done to your child. (Please note that I said some, for most of you are graciousness itself. But even one scolding in the presence of other guests is sufficient to wreck a social function.)

You can readily see how devastating such a reception is to our pride and our dignity. If you differed with your doctor or your lawyer or your minister, you wouldn't turn a social occasion to which you had invited him into an easy opportunity to give him a piece of your mind. You would have the grace to go to his office to disagree. Or, if you thought your garbage collector wasn't doing his work properly, you would step into your back yard, which is his place of business, to register your complaint.

Aren't we entitled to the same respect? It is not your criticism I'm objecting to. Perhaps we deserve it, for, after all, we are not infallible. If we are the right kind of teachers, we are glad, yes, eager, to talk over with you any problem that affects the welfare of your child, who is rightfully your dearest treasure, and we welcome your suggestions. But please don't try to ensnare us with a cup of tea! Come to our place of work or our homes so that we may talk privately and with a little more mutual respect.

Have I made myself sound like a disgruntled teacher? Well, I'm not disgruntled at all. Teaching was and continues to be my chosen profession. I know of no other position for which I would exchange it. I do not have any pious illusions about my "high calling" nor am I sentimental about it. But I can honestly say that I love my work. Had my goal in life been financial reward beyond a living wage, or had I planned to work by the clock and leave by the whistle, I should not have chosen teaching as a profession. Most teachers feel, I believe, much as I do, that despite our lack of money, which is, sometimes, a real and distressing lack, we are rich. Anyone who is privileged to spend a lifetime associating with youth is rich, or, if he is not, it's his own fault—he has not taken advantage of his opportunities. Please, Mr. and Mrs. Public, add your respect to our riches.

A Day's Work

So many measured motions?
So many sprockets turned?
So many ergs expended?
So many dollars earned?
The time between two figures
Upon a dial flat?
Oh no, a day's endeavor
Is vastly more than that.

It is a skill invested,
A reaching highway laid,
A mission carried forward,
A day of history made,
Another gem uncovered
In God's eternal mine,
Another pattern woven
Into Time's great design.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn



"Guess where we went on our vacation!"



"Good afternoon! I'm giving fall rates for shoveling your walk this winter."



The value of employing older workers in industry is being reassessed. This not-so-young woman is testing fluorescent lamp starters for one of the country's largest electrical manufacturers. Her job satisfies her urge to be useful and her desire to be independent.

MAKE *Old Age* AN *Adventure*

By S. L. MORGAN, SR.
—An "adventurer"

In the harvest years of 60 plus, will you reap from fertile fields or barren waste? Science and religion are teamed together to produce a bumper crop but YOU hold the reins

THE PAST one hundred years may well be called "the century of the child," for in those years the child won the elemental human right to be treated as a person, the right to be reasoned with, and the right to have his opinions treated with respect. The next fifty years will see a battle royal waged in behalf of the multiplying millions of old people. Dispossessed, unemployed, silent sufferers, will they have as their only hope the grudged kindness of relatives, or the humiliating "security" of government? In this situation many see a patent injustice; they begin to be vocal, to cry out for redress. In the decades ahead we should therefore see an amelioration of conditions among our old people.

This prediction is based on solid facts. For nothing in our western civilization at present is more arresting than is the almost sudden emergence of millions of old people to become, all at once, a major problem to society and the state. Within the memory of persons now living, many years have been added to the human life-span. In the days of the Roman Empire it was 23 years. In 1900 in our country it was 47 years. By 1930 it was 60; it is now nearly 68. Some authorities predict that by 1960 it may be 75 years.

This increase has almost suddenly brought about a major social revolution. In our country we now have eighteen million people 60 years of age; twelve million, 65 years. All at once society and the state are faced with a new major problem. Everywhere homes for the aged are becoming a recognized responsibility of both state and church. Old-age security has suddenly become a serious concern of industry and government. Psychology begins to make the study of old people a matter of serious interest, as it did the study of the child in the past century. For the first time in western civilization old people begin to be important.

A Concession to Age Phobia

The tendency of old people to conceal their age would be humorous if it were not grounded in a pathetic fact. The fear of old age and the fear to let one's age be known have their roots deep in the mores and folk ideas of previous generations. It was a fear alike of great and small. *In That Old-Time Religion,* Archie Robertson tells a story about his distinguished ancestor, Mrs. John A. Broadus. At the age of seventy she broke her leg. When the doctor came to set it he asked, "How old are you?" Her age had



Volunteer office work gives these elderly women an opportunity to use their skills and to maintain their dignity.

been one of the most closely guarded family secrets. Instead of giving the information, she answered, "Doctor, you set, and I'll knit!"

Dr. George Lawton says, in *Aging Successfully,* that one day an 85-year-old woman came to his office. When asked her age she replied, "Put it down 80 plus!"

In such incidents there is something deeper than humor. In the past, if not now, there was solid ground for the fear to be frank about age. Women saw—and still see—men tiring of the fading beauty of their wives and becoming enamored of pretty young women. One woman explained, "If a woman is afraid of growing older, blame it on her husband. He has made her afraid."

Also, men and women alike have seen their fellow-workers by the thousand losing their jobs, and all because they had reached a certain calendar age. They have then seen these dispossessed old workers walking the streets, dazed, looking for odd jobs, and with a shamed sense of being "down and out." This forced and often uncalled for retirement strikes a nameless fear into the ranks of the workers.

It strikes the high as well as the low. Vice-presidents, business executives, teachers, ministers, one and all, though still able to render superior service, fall victims to the demand for youth. I know a businessman of excellent personality and with a perfect record who was denied a job with a corporation because he was 36! I know a good town church that passed a resolution not to consider any man for pastor above 45!

A Crusade for the Rights of Old People

Millions of dispossessed old people are now engaged in a battle to obtain their common human rights, and the future is bright with promise for them. *I am one of them.* It is their cause and my own that I champion. I hereby sound the call for volunteers to join the ranks of crusaders for the rights of the multiplying millions of the aged and aging. The one essential condition I lay down for a crusader is his frank acceptance of his classification as an old person. Roughly, the age for one to qualify is around 60, when people usually meet with taboos in business and industry, in the teaching profession and in the Christian ministry.

Incidentally, this is a challenge to you to do away with the fear of old age, and with *the fear to let your age be known.* I testify that now for some years I have enjoyed a delightful sense of release from both the fear of old age, and the fear of letting my age be known. *I have been ready to say to all comers, with smiling asurance, "I'm an old man, well up in my seventies. I'll soon be very old. Now make something of it, if you can!"*

A Technique for Old Age

There are *two essentials* for meeting old age successfully: (1) *wise preparation for old age,* and (2) *acceptance of it when it comes.*

Long, wise preparation is more than half the battle for aging successfully. A rich literature on old age is accumulating. Young people should read it to take away their fear of old age and to prepare for old age when it comes. Several outstanding books are: *Old Age Deferred,* by Arnold Lorand (Davis, publisher); *Aging Successfully,* by George T. Lawton (Oxford Press); *The Years After Fifty,* by Wingate M. Johnson, with a foreword by Morris Fishbein (McGraw, publisher).[1]

Lorand shows convincingly that the average person can defer old age and prolong his (*or her!*) youth and even his (*or her!*) good looks by from ten to twenty years by observing through life the physical, mental, and moral laws for good health. Lawton, like many other psychologists, shows vividly that the mental and emotional warp given to the child of six will almost certainly reappear in the man of sixty-six; that the tantrum Johnny was allowed to throw at six he will likely throw as an old man to plague his wife and children—and to make him a loveless and unloved old man. It is a terrible warning to child and parent. *A serene and lovely old age has to be built largely in childhood!*

[1] Scientific research and study are being done on an increasingly wider scale in gerontology (the study of the phenomena of old age) and in geriatrics (the branch of medicine concerned with old age and its diseases). For those who would like to read further about old age, here are some additional titles of books published within the last few years: *These Harvest Years,* J. H. Baird, ed. (Doubleday); *Planning the Older Years,* W. T. Donahue and C. Tibbitts, eds. (University of Michigan Press); *Better Half of Your Life,* by C. H. Lerrigo (Day); *Outwitting Your Years,* by Clarence W. Lieb (Prentice-Hall); *The Best Is Yet to Be,* by Paul B. Maves (Westminster Press); *Older People and the Church,* Paul B. Maves and J. Lennart Cederleaf (Abingdon-Cokesbury; *Social and Biological Challenge of Our Aging Population,* New York Academy of Medicine (Columbia University Press); *Trends in Gerontology,* by N. W. Shock (Stanford University Press); *Skill and Age,* by A. T. Welford and others (Oxford Press).

Suggestions for Handling the Problem of Old Age

1. *Develop an attitude of frank, open acceptance of your age, whatever it may be.* As someone has said, "Nothing in the world makes one old sooner than the constant fear of becoming so." Moreover, to struggle to appear younger than one really is, actually mars the special type of beauty and fineness one has at each stage of development. A woman of forty usually acquires a certain beauty and grace that were impossible for her to have in her twenties. They are the beauty and grace derived from experience and self-mastery. One's beauty and grace are like those of a tree—each period of its life with a beauty of its own, the expression of its inner life. This fact makes it a pity for anyone to conceal his maturer beauty by pretending to be ten years younger than he really is.

The effort of one great teacher to make girls out of women is to be regretted. When she began teaching them, they were young women, and she continued to teach them until many were mothers and grandmothers. However, she still called them "girls," and tried to make them believe that they were. Men and women could be happier and their influence more wholesome if they could cast away fear and be their real age as the years pass by. For they secretly know that all their efforts to disguise and conceal their age avail little. One wise woman said, "There is really nothing I can do about *that* any more. I'll betray my exact age at *some* point." She calmly relied on other charms she was sure of, not upon the arts of the beautician. How many sad moments may thus be saved from looking at wrinkles and trying to hide them!

2. *Make each day a new adventure.* Old age and retirement will be a violent change. Many are unable to take it, and they break under it. But not those who all along have made each day a new adventure into the untried. Those will be prepared to face the change of old age who, through the years, hailed each upset schedule, each new situation, each new dish on the table as an opportunity to learn some new skill, acquire some new taste, overcome some unexpected difficulty, and so to be master of every new situation. The boy or girl who throws a tantrum at being upset by some thwarted plan, some obstacle thrown in his path, will almost certainly do it when upset by some barrier that lies cross his path in old age.

3. *Build into life a wholesome attitude toward people, God and the future.* To do so will mean years of earnest effort at winning friends and being worthy of them. It will mean storing the mind with the things that will be pleasant to remember in old age. It will mean keeping the heart sweet by refusing to harbor any unlovely thought. And it will mean keeping the mind alert and strong by worthwhile reading and study long after your degrees and diplomas have been framed. Barring disease, your mind should be capable of its ripest creative work between seventy and ninety. Many eminent examples could be named of those who have enriched the world most by their creations in those years.

4. *Throughout the years, develop skills to be employed creatively on retiring*—hobbies and avocations to save you from idleness. Many have found them not only wholesome but often remunerative.

Thus will you come to old age still seeing it as an adventure, still finding new vistas opening for creative living. Thus, you may dare to face the sunset unafraid, even planning new adventures in living creatively. A woman broke her leg at 85 and said cheerily, "But it won't keep me from my work of writing!" A woman of 103 said, "I'm sorry to die and leave the big, interesting world!" Earl Balfour, closing his eyes to die, said, "This is going to be a great experience." Bunyan's Pilgrim, crossing the river of death, called to those on the bank, "I feel the bottom, and it is good."

I give my testimony, I have reached old age, and I find it good, the sunset colors radiant. Life's greatest adventure still lies in the future. It is to know God better and all that he has yet for me to be and to do.

Churches are conducting institutes to discuss problems of old age. Here a trained religious worker speaks to a group at an institute in St. Petersburg, Florida. In the wall display are these book jackets: "Aging Successfully," "Outwitting Your Years," "Older People and the Church," "Planning the Older Years"



Friends Remain

Acquaintances are those who stay
The while no clouds obscure the sun,
But friends remain to comfort one
When skies have turned a leaden gray.

INEZ CLARK THORSON

The Bible Is a Treasure Book

The Bible is a treasure book
Of stories that are true:
It tells of people long ago—
Of folks like me and you.

The Bible is a treasure book
Of verses old and new:
Some make us think of lovely things;
Some show us what to do.

The Bible is a treasure book:
It tells how, long ago,
Christ Jesus came to live on earth,
Our Father's love to show.[1]

—Elizabeth McE. Shields

Mother Reads

Mother reads the Bible;
Daddy reads it, too.
Then they tell me stories.
I like them, don't you?

J. P.

The Bible Helps Me

The Bible helps me know the Friend
Of children everywhere,
Who came to help us understand
Our Father's love and care.

I like the stories that it tells
Of Jesus doing good;
They help me act in friendly ways
To do the things I should.[2]

—Mabel Niedermeyer

My Guide

The Word of God shall be my guide
And teach me every day;
Its truth will keep me near His side
And help me go His way.

There is a Life for me to live,
And God would be therein,
That by His presence He may give
The power to strive and win.[3]

—Calvin W. Laufer

[1]From *Hymns for Primary Worship.* The Westminster Press, 1940. Words copyright by the author. Used by permission.

[2]From *Hymns for Primary Worship.* Words copyright, 1946, by The Westminster Press. Used by permission.

[3]From *Hymns for Primary Worship.* The Westminster Press. Words copyright, 1927, by Calvin W. Laufer. Used by permission of Edward B. Laufer.



RESOURCE

IN T

with You

GOD'S W

The Bible is an important resource in worship for bot children and adults. Its use, however, should vary to fit th age of the children and the situation.

If your child is three years old or younger, let him se you reading your Bible. Hold the Bible in your lap as yo tell him a simple Bible story. Let him become familiar wit such verses as "Be kind" and "Love each other." You attitude toward the Bible and your use of it will influenc his attitude toward it and the use he makes of it.

Your four- and five-year-old children will get much from th same kind of experiences already described. They can g further, however. They will find joy in holding the Bibl themselves as they "read" one of the verses they hav learned, such as "Do that which is right and good."

First Week—God's Word

Bible Verse to Use

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path.—Psalm 119:105. (J)

Poems and Songs to Use

"For Man's Unceasing Quest for God." (J)
"The Bible Helps Me." (P)
"The Bible." (K)
"Mother Reads." (N)

Books to Read

Tell Me About the Bible, by Mary Alice Jones. (P)
My Story Book About the Bible, by Mabel Niedermeye (P-J)

Prayer

We are glad for the Bible. Amen.

Second Week—"The Bible Is a Treasure Book"

Bible Verse to Use

"Love one another."—John 13:34. (P)

Poem and Song to Use

"The Bible Is a Treasure Book." (P)
"Treasure Book"—PBL, No. 51, 3rd Yr. (P)

Books to Read

Book listed for First Week.
"Stories of Bible Children"—PPB, 1st Yr., Summer Q pp. 34-35. (P)

Prayer

Prayer from the Bible—Matthew 6:9-13.



Children

ildren who are further advanced in school can, of se, read certain passages for themselves. These need to elected so that they are not too long or difficult.

ildren of junior age are beginning to develop a technique finding passages in the Bible. In their church school they learning many interesting things about the Bible. Make of these church school experiences by letting the child e with the family his newly acquired knowledge of the e.

hese are only a few suggestions about the use of the e in the worship with young children. Poems, songs and r resources are given or suggested on this page for your in worship with your children.

Third Week—"My Guide"

le Verses to Use

will not forget thy word.—Psalm 119:16. (P, J)
o that which is right and good.—Deut. 6:18. (K)

g or Poem to Use

"My Guide." (J)

nething to Do

inish the Bible rules—PPB, 1st Yr., Summer Qr., p. 42. (P)

yer

od, our Father, help us to remember to use the Bible and follow its teachings. We pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

Fourth Week—Sharing the Bible

ble Verses to Use

Ve are God's fellow-workers.—1 Cor. 3:9. (P)
Let us love one another.—1 John 4:7. (P)

em or Song to Use

"Go, Ye Who Bear the Word." (J)

ayer

Thank you, God, for the Bible. Help us to find ways to re it with others. Amen.

[1]Meaning of abbreviations:
N—Nursery (3-year-olds) P—Primary (6-8 years)
K—Kindergarten (4-5 years) J—Juniors (9-11 years)

Go, Ye Who Bear the Word!

The Word of God must go
To waiting lands afar,
Till every distant shore shall know
The beauty of the star.[5]

—Nancy Byrd Turner

For What We Are Thankful

For man's unceasing quest for God,
For God's unceasing quest for man,
For records of His love and power
Surrounding life since life began,
We thank Thee, Lord most high.

For those great laws the Hebrews made,
Among the greatest ever known,
For early history wise men wrote,
Engraved on parchment, skin, or stone,
We thank Thee, Lord most high.

For those old songs of tuneful verse,
The music of the shepherd king,
For songs the Boy of Nazareth sang,
And still succeeding ages sing,
We thank Thee, Lord most high.

For those most precious Books of all,
That show us Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Seen through the eyes of faithful friends
Who gave their lives to spread His word,
We thank Thee, Lord most high.[6]

—Alice M. Pullen

The Bible

We read in the Bible
How God made the world;
How he made the great sky
And the sea;
We read how he made all the
Animals too,
And the people like you
And like me.

This Book gives the story
Of days long ago
When Jesus lived here
As a man;
How he talked about God
As a father in heaven;
I shall read this great Book
When I can.[7]

—Miriam L. Drury

[5]From *Hymns for Junior Worship*, p. 88. The Westminster Press, 1940. Used by permission.
[6]From *Hymns for Junior Worship*. The Westminster Press. Copyright by Alice M. Pullen. Used by permission.
[7]From *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. The Westminster Press. Used by permission.



The Bells

By HELEN L. RENSHAW

Door bell, church bell, school bell . . . all sorts of bells. Do you like bells? Jon learned to like them, and here is the reason why . . .

JON LIFTED his head and listened. "Ding, dong! Ding! dong!"

Yes, it was certainly the ringing of bells that Jon heard. His brown eyes got very large and frightened, and he ran quickly into the house.

"Aunt Lizzie!" he called as he ran. "Where are you, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Here I am," answered a pleasant voice. A large, smiling woman came into the room, and Jon ran to her. He hid his face in her large apron.

"The bells," he whispered. "I heard the bells."

Aunt Lizzie put her arm around the boy's trembling shoulders. "Jon, Jon," she said softly and laid gentle fingers on his black hair. "Do not be frightened, my boy. Come! Sit beside me and let me tell you about the bells."

She led him to a comfortable sofa and sat down while Jon pulled up a red stool Uncle Joe had made for him and sat down beside her.

Aunt Lizzie took a deep breath and then she began, "You are in America now, Jon."

The boy nodded.

"Here in the great land of America we do not have to run and hide when the bells ring. We do not have to be afraid."

Jon looked anxious. It was not easy for him to forget the meaning of the bells in the little village where he had lived with Grandmere. He knew too well what they meant. One of the very first things he remembered learning was to run swiftly and hide—indoors, under a wagon, tight against a wall, anywhere that would be safe if the big planes flew over the village.

Aunt Lizzie leaned forward and took one of Jon's thin hands between her plump warm ones. "When you are strong enough I will take you to see the bells that you heard today. These bells are very beautiful. They are in a high tower in our little church, and on Sunday you will hear them ring again when they call the people to worship God."

Jon looked doubtful. He wasn't sure that he would ever be brave enough to go see the bells. But he knew that if Aunt Lizzie said they meant no harm, it must be true. She would never deceive him. Why, she and Uncle Joe did not even know him when they asked him to come and live with them in America! It had happened just before Grandmere had grown so old and tired that she wanted to lie down and sleep for always.

She had called Jon to her and said, "See, Jon, I have a letter. It has come all the way across the ocean from the big country of America."

Jon had looked but he could not read the letter.

"Some very kind people who once knew your father want you to visit with them and perhaps stay and be their little boy."

Jon had cried out and taken tight hold of Grandmere's hand. "No!" he said fiercely. "I will not leave you, ever."

Grandmere's eyes got very bright then. "You are a good boy, Jon," she said gently, "but I am an old lady. I have gotten very tired. Soon I will need to go and live with God."

Jon considered. He knew that his father and then his mother had gone to live with God, and it was a good place to be. He could hardly remember them but Grandmere had told him how happy they were, and so he knew that she would be happy too. He must not sorrow for her. Jon blinked very hard and tried to remember that Grandmere would not send him to live with strangers unless it was best.

"What is it like in America?" Jon said, wistfully.

Grandmere smiled and read more of the letter. " 'We have lots of warm sunshine where we live. It will help heal the lungs and take away the cough. Uncle Joe has a wonderful vegetable garden, and Jon can have all he wants to eat. There are fresh eggs and milk and chickens, too.' "

"And will there be chocolate bars?" asked Jon eagerly. "Like the ones the American soldiers in the jeep gave to me?"

"And chocolate bars," said Grandmere quickly.

Everything the letter had promised was true. Never before, thought Jon, had anyone ever seen so many fine foods and fruits and vegetables as were stored in Aunt Lizzie's big freezer. And oh, what

(*Continued on page* 39.)

Cousin Tom helps the Schoolteacher



BY GLENN H. ASQUITH

Here's Cousin Tom again, looking for adventure. And where do you suppose he finds it? In a . . . Oh, my, we almost told the story!

"WHAT WAS that?" asked Cousin Tom, the bachelor cat, and he really jumped right out of his chair at the breakfast table.

"Why, Tom," answered Patience Poodle, the housekeeper dog, "don't you know? This is the first day of school, and that was the school bell."

"Oh, my, is summer over?" said Cousin Tom. "I must put away my swing chair and get out my heavy neckties. I'll just step outside and watch the animal children run to school."

Flippy Squirrel went by and said, "Good morning, Cousin Tom."

The bear brothers went by, and Dick Angora-Cat, and ever so many of Cousin Tom's young friends. Some of them were glad that school had started, but some, I am sorry to say, wished that vacation would last forever and ever!

The old bachelor cat spent about an hour putting away his swing chair, and putting his light neckties away in a drawer, and putting his heavy neckties out on the rack. After this work was done, he was very lonesome.

"Tom, I do wish you would find something to do, and get out of the way of my housekeeping," complained Mrs. Poodle.

"If I were young again I would go to school," said Cousin Tom.

"Well, why don't you go anyway? You are on the school board, and you really should see how the new teacher is getting along."

"A fine idea!" said Tom. "I am going right away," and he picked up his crooked walking stick, put on his red derby hat and started out.

The schoolhouse was not very far away. For a person who wanted to get there in a hurry it was two hops, three skips, and a jump-and-a-half. Cousin Tom made the two hops, the three skips, and the jump —and then he stopped. He had half a jump yet to go.

"Maybe I will be in the teacher's way just as I was in Mrs. Poodle's way," the bachelor fellow said to himself. While he waited to think this over he heard an awful bang, clatter and bump in the schoolhouse. Dust began to pour out the windows.

Cousin Tom made the half jump and rushed in the front door of the school. What a sight he saw! The schoolteacher had opened the cupboard door to get some pencils, and what do you suppose? Some careless person had put everything away in an untidy fashion and slammed the door shut. When the teacher opened the door to get the pencils, everything fell out on top of her! There was poor Miss Bobtail sitting on the floor covered with paper, rulers, erasers, blotting paper and chalk.

Of course, Cousin Tom hurried to help Rebecca Bobtail get up, and ask if she was hurt.

"No, Mr. Tom," said Miss Bobtail, "I am not hurt, but I am *so* dirty. I can't teach this way. What shall I do?"

"You go on home and wash and change your dress and I will take care of the school until you get back," said Tom.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Bobtail, and she hurried away.

"Well, boys and girls," said Cousin Tom, "first we must get everything back in the cupboard. And *this* time it must be put in neatly."

All the animal boys and girls were glad to help with the job, and they soon had the cupboard in gooseberry-pie order.

The bachelor cat hoped that Miss Bobtail would be back by the time this job was done, but she wasn't. And there sat the children waiting for their lessons.

"What lesson do you have first?" asked Cousin Tom. "Arithmetic," sang out the children.

"Ah, yes, arithmetic," said Cousin Tom. "Now let me see. Are you in the put-togethers, the take-aways, the goes-intos, or the times-its?"

(*Continued on page* 40.)



Teen-agers at the popular Youth Town Canteen, in an Ogden, Utah, church. Open every other Saturday night, it gives them a chance to plan, work and play together "for a common cause of mutual enjoyment and improvement."

The teen-age-dating problem has baffled many a parent, primarily because the factors involved are so numerous and so variable. Groping parents may take heart as they read . . . (Hasty P.S.—Teen-agers may take heart, too.)

Variety

FOUR attractive women were lunching together, and all were mothers of teen-age daughters. Three of them were worried. One thought her daughter, at fourteen, was too young to have had her first date. The second complained that her daughter Joy-Ellen, almost sixteen, had showed no interest in the lads at all. The third was distressed because hers, just past fourteen, had been going steady for six months. The fourth expressed not a sign of worry. Her daughter Rosemary, she said, went to mixed parties, walked home from school with a boy now and then, and did a lot of giggling with her chums about their "boy friends."

Down the street in a men's grill, three fathers sat talking together as they consumed their roast beef, chef's salad, and apple pie. Their teen-age sons seemed to be problems, too. One father had just refused to increase his boy's allowance because the son wanted to take a girl to the movies with the money. The man had set the sixteenth birthday as an arbitrary time for his son to start dating. Another father disclosed that his son George, also just past fifteen, had been dating a new girl every month for the past year and a half. The third man boasted that his two boys were just alike, interested only in their school and their music. They were no problem at all to their parents. Most of the experts, however, would consider that a doubtful statement.

Now, strange as it may seem, all the teen-agers described here are completely normal youngsters. Of them all, Rosemary is probably the most fortunate, for her development into the boy-meet-girl stage of life is following the easiest, most desirable path. The others should come out all right, too, but it is going to be a lot harder, especially if their parents cannot learn to lend a more helpful hand soon.

Let's look at it this way. Dating is a completely normal development in any young person's life, but it is not always an easy one. As most adults know, there are many pitfalls along the road to happy social adjustment. Most parents desire to be helpful, but frequently they just do not know how.

FIRST OF ALL, remember that boys and girls mature physically at different ages. Generally speaking, girls become physical adults at about twelve or thirteen, a year or two before boys do. However, there are wide variations within each sex. And also, generally speaking, physical maturity must occur before the young person becomes much interested in the opposite sex.

This is the reason why there are so many problems to early teen-age boy-and-girl relationships. The girls are ready for them before the boys are. Soon the girls are being accused of chasing the boys, or rushing them into parties for which they are not yet ready. And it's one of the reasons why a girl like Joy-Ellen sometimes prefers to ride her bike through town instead of staying home to put her hair up in curlers and make ready for a Saturday date. Joy-Ellen simply is not old enough yet, despite her sixteen years, to enjoy dating. But fifteen-year-old George, who has been dating for a year and a half, matured early and enjoys his mixed friendships.

This difference in physical maturity and its resulting problems of social adjustment is the reason why it is unwise for parents to make flat rules about age and first dates. Calendar age is of little importance. Readiness to begin dating is governed by too many other conflicting factors—the social-adjustment level of the youngster's group, the local customs of the area, the skill with which his school handles the situation and the help given him there, his own

By MRS. CHRISTINE B. Mac KENZIE

n Pairs

family background, such as well-adjusted older brothers and sisters, and many other things.

In some foreign countries young people never have an opportunity to know each other. Friendships between sexes are prearranged by parents or professional matchmakers, and lead directly to courtship and marriage. Here in our own land, we do it differently. We feel that a broad background of many friendships can contribute much to developing the judgment necessary for a young person to have before he or she can choose a life partner and later maintain the relationships which build a happy marriage and home.

This broad background of mixed friendships begins whenever the young person is ready for it, usually around the age of thirteen or fourteen. Ideally, it starts casually and easily in a relationship which can be called "group dating." Frances Bruce Strain, who is a well-known teen-age counselor, has described the resulting activities as the dating pyramid. Group dating is the broad base of the pyramid. Then, as the young people develop more ease and social adjustment, they may try double dating, where two couples share a date and encourage each other in new experiences. They progress to single dating, and eventually one boy and one girl may find that they enjoy each other's company above all others and decide to go steady. There will probably be a succession of these arrangements, and as the young people reach their late teens and early twenties, they reach the top of the pyramid, courtship, engagement and eventually marriage, occurring at an average age of about twenty-three or twenty-four years old.

Of course, it does not happen exactly this way for everyone, but we can say that many of the dating problems and later bad marital adjustments, are directly traceable to situations where youth has tried to skip some of these steps or to progress too rapidly up the pyramid to an ultimate marriage.

WHAT CAN you as a parent do to help your teen-agers get the right start and how can you encourage group dating instead of immediate going steady? And what can teen-agers do to help themselves?

There's a good deal you can do. First, you can learn to be tolerant of the issues involved and easy-going in looking for a solution. Time is going to solve a lot of problems anyhow. Do not regard your child as a problem simply because he or she is not developing at the same rate as Susie down the street.



Then, do all you can to provide a normal environment for healthy boy-and-girl friendships to grow. Try to straddle the fence for once. Don't push your child or be too anxious and eager for him to have social activities, but don't resist dating either, nor retard his development with strict limitations.

You can provide a broad background of social experiences for your child. A well-poised youth will find dating a much easier experience. Young people who have been brought up to participate in church, school, and community activities, already know how to get along better with other people. Incidentally, they have much better opportunities to meet eligible members of the opposite sex in casual, friendly contacts.

Fathers can do their bit by taking their daughters and sons and their friends to and from social events. Many a girl has settled down to a second-rate date simply because her parents objected to her "running the streets" at night, but thought it all right for her to be out if she had an escort to bring her home.

Adults can help to develop youth centers, teen canteens, church young people's groups, and community affairs. You can make sure that your teen-ager is acquiring a variety of skills—music, sports, hobbies, and the like—the things which bring young people of mutual interests together in wholesome activity.

AND TEEN-AGERS, what can you do to help yourselves? Lots of things, mostly symbolized in this statement: Do not be lazy about it. What does this mean? It means to make the effort to learn the skills just mentioned — how to skate, play games, swim, ski, and all the other things which boys and girls enjoy doing together. It means learning and polishing up your social techniques, how to talk to other people, how to introduce friends, the routine expressions of courtesy.

(*Continued on page* 44.)

A Story

By Shirley Sargent

If you've never been the oldest and were superseded as the youngest, or even if you were the first or last to join the family circle, you'll enjoy . . .

MIDDLE CHILD



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GROUT

HELLER WASN'T important. It was sorta hard to be important when you had four brothers and three sisters; when you weren't the oldest or the youngest but sorta in the middle; when you had a family name like "Heller" to answer to.

Still, he had piano lessons and that was something. There'd been an awful row before Dad had promised to pay for Heller's lessons. It was mostly on account of Greg, who was nineteen now, taking trombone lessons when he was eight or so. The way the story came down, old Greg had made such awful noises the neighbors had complained and Greg had never practiced unless Mom practically sat on his neck. That made it hard for Heller now. Unless he put in two hours daily, Dad roared that the kid was wasting his good, hard-earned cash. But Heller didn't mind practicing or Dad's bellowing. 'Cause when he practiced the family remembered about him.

and once he'd even played "Jingle Bells" while they sang.

About the recital, though, nobody seemed much excited except Heller.

Practice—man, had he ever! Three hours a day, some afternoons skipping baseball with the gang. He'd worked so hard on his pieces he'd about put their own upright out of tune. And now it was only two days until the night. It scared him inside to think of it. 'Course Miss Orton, his teacher, held the recitals right in her big old house, but lots of people came. There were thirty-one kids on the program and they were all bringing their families. But nobody around this house had mentioned coming to hear him play. Nobody.

DINNER that night was noisy with talk from four brothers, three sisters, Mom, and Dad. The third time Heller tried to make them hear him, his voice came out with a shout. "Wednesday night's the recital."

"Recital? What recital?" Dad shouted back.

"Oh, is that what all the ivory pounding's for?" Greg interrupted.

"I wish you could practice a little more quietly," Martha, his seventeen-year-old sister, said crossly.

"Maybe we could move the piano into the room over the garage," Bill said; "it wouldn't be too much of a trick."

That was the way it was Heller thought unhappily—you started talking about a recital and they ended up moving the piano.

"That's enough," Mom said finally, not shouting but loud enough so everybody listened to her. "The piano stays right where it is. Heller's trying to tell you about the recital. . . ."

It was a marvel to Heller to watch Mom. While she explained about the recital, she fed baby Susie, passed food to big-eater Douglas, and cut three-year-old Wilma's meat.

When Mom was all through, Martha said importantly, "Well, I can't go. I have a date Wednesday night with a certain Mr. Somebody!"

"Mr. Somebody—rats!" Greg laughed. "Mr. Bud Stumblebum Adams, that's who."

There they went again, Heller thought as he heard his brothers start in on Martha. This family never stuck to a subject. "I guess I can struggle along without you," he shouted.

Bill frowned. "Not so loud, Kid, and you can get along without me all right. I've got to go to a scout meeting."

"Me, too." That from Dan.

Heller looked toward Greg. "Don't look at me, Kid, I'm so tired of hearing those pieces, I know them by heart. Besides, I've got a date."

"Douglas can come with your father and I'll stay home with the babies," Mother announced triumphantly.

Big-eater Douglas gulped a bite of potato, sputtering, "Not me. I hate piano. And I'm sick of hearing Heller's pieces."

That's no way to talk, Douglas," Mother said.

The conversation swerved to a loud, violent discussion of Doug's table manners. Heller joined in, spitefully, knowing he'd be lucky if anybody came. A fine family he had. They sure cared about him all right, all right. After dinner he banged on the piano until Dad told him to "stop that racket."

Just Dad coming. Probably he had more brothers and sisters than any of Miss Orton's students and only his dad was coming to hear him. He wouldn't feel so left out if only Mother were coming, but she had to take care of Susie and Wilma.



Next day Heller practiced only for half an hour, not much caring whether he made mistakes or not so long as nobody cared. When he started upstairs, he heard Dad saying he'd stay home with the children so Mom could go. "How about that, Honey?"

Heller could have cheered. Mom being there would make all the difference, but her reply disconcerted him. "No, I think Heller needs you more than me. A father means a lot."

"You know how I feel about music!" Dad said, using his exasperated voice.

"Yes, and I know how you feel about your child." Heller couldn't figure out what special meaning Mother put in her voice, but there was something.

After a minute Dad said, "That serious? I'll go then and furthermore"

Heller didn't wait to hear about "furthermore"; he just turned blindly for the living room. Pretty soon he started to play. Maybe only Dad was coming, but he wouldn't give him the chance to criticize him afterward for making mistakes.

WEDNESDAY EVENING Dad drove him over to Miss Orton's house a little early. Mom had him in a suit and tie same as Heller. Dad was funny. All the way over he kept asking him had he practiced, did he know his pieces, and was he nervous? He'd ask Heller and then mop his brow.

"My, Dad, you'd think it was you who had to get up in front of all those people 'stead of me," Heller laughed. By the time they arrived, Heller wasn't a bit scared; he was too busy calming Dad down.

Heller had to wait in a room with the other kids until it was time for him to appear on the program, so he couldn't see where Dad sat. Miss Orton rented folding chairs to put in the living and dining rooms for the guests. Sounded like a lot of people, Heller thought, as he heard the big front door open and shut. Pretty soon the program began and the kids had to quiet down.

Just when Heller was getting nervous, what with his starched collar scratching his neck and his coat being too hot and his stomach being hollow, it was time for him to play. *If only Mom were here,* he thought, as he walked toward the grand piano—raised tonight.

He bowed deep to the audience and, as he straightened, he caught

(*Continued on page* 40.)



This teacher of a church school class of nine-year-olds is preparing her lesson. She is using her Bible and the new Teacher's Book.

BY FLORENCE H. LEE

Mrs. Lee is the author of the new first-year junior materials and has had wide experience with juniors in her own church and as a teacher in laboratory training schools. Now a member of the executive board of the American Baptist Publication Society, she was formerly director of education at the First Baptist Church, Wichita, Kansas.

Introducing . . .

THE NEW JUNIOR MATERIALS

... research and experience, the development of new church school materials ... even to the general reader.

GOOD NEWS! Yes, indeed, it *is* good news. It is good news for parents of juniors, good news for church school teachers of juniors, and good news for juniors themselves. And who are the juniors? They are children from about nine to eleven years of age and in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades at school. And what is good about the good news? Stated formally, it is just this—the new Junior Graded Series, for use with the first-year junior children in home and church school, is now ready. It is ready for parents and teachers to use in their homes and classes beginning with the fall quarter.

Anything that is new needs an introduction, and with a feeling of joy not unmixed with pride, may we introduce the five pieces of material which make up the new Junior Graded Series. They are:

1. The Teacher's Book
2. The Pupil's Book
3. The *Message to Parents*
4. The Work and Study Packet
5. The Picture Set

The Teacher's Book

Issued quarterly, this book contains full teaching plans for each session. It suggests procedures and materials for the teacher to use in guiding juniors in study, fellowship, activities, and worship. It contains Bible stories and suggestions for their Bible study and memorization; it tells how to develop their skills in using the Bible as well as how to increase their appreciation of the great Bible passages.

One Mother, after reading the manuscript for the course, made this comment to a teacher, "There is certainly a wealth of Bible material in the new lessons."

Bristling with facts, the teacher replied, "By actual count of Bible references our new course of study contains more material from this source than does any other church school material."

There is also a fine balance of study aids and other materials, such as poems, stories, dramatizations, supervised study, picture

studies, mission study and activities, creative writing, and drawing.

The Pupil's Book

Each child will bring home a book on the first Sunday of each quarter, and by the time he has completed the work in the Junior Department he will have a library of twelve such books. The pupil's book is a distinctly new feature of the Junior Graded Series. In its forty-eight pages are Bible stories of Scripture passages, and background information, poems, suggestions for worship, pictures for study and enjoyment, hymns, missionary stories and information, and numerous suggestions for things to do at home. Beautifully illustrated in black and white, it is a reading book for the child to use in his home. The material in it is related to, and is a part of, the study that is going on in his church school class. His teacher will refer to the book, ask him to bring reports from it from time to time, and encourage him to use it and to share it with his family.

Message to Parents

This is an eight-page folder which each junior is to bring home before the fall quarter begins or very, very early in the quarter. Its purpose is to interpret to the home some of the experiences and study which he is having in his church school class. It gives an outline of each unit, including the title of each session and the Bible references for the session. It also contains practical suggestions for following up in the home some of the experiences and study projects of the church school. The *Message to Parents* should be most helpful to parents who want to guide their children in ways of Christian living.

Work and Study Packet

This is another new feature of the junior materials. Each packet contains study sheets, which are clearly marked and planned for use with the class sessions. Each child will receive a packet for his individual use.

The study sheets offer a variety of activities and materials. They are planned to help carry out the purpose of the session, and to help the junior grow and find expression through the materials and activities suggested.

Beginning in the fall quarter, each child will use several of the study sheets from his first packet to start a Bible Encyclopedia, which will be developed from quarter to quarter. Other study sheets contain guidance for making a scroll, Bible costumes, and the like. There are patterns for a triptych, or worship screen, to be used at home for booklets and mission travel folders. Some study sheets have various kinds of matching and completion tests, games for matching pictures and Bible verses, records for home use, certificates for gifts of service, a program for a family party, invitations, maps, and many other things.

Picture Set

A distinctly new feature of the new Junior Graded Series is the picture set. Each set—and there is one for each quarter—contains four beautiful, colored pictures. Some are reproductions of world-famous masterpieces; others are made from pictures painted especially for this course. Their size and quality make them valuable for home and classroom use.



Ruskin has said, "The soul is plastic, and a person who every day looks upon a beautiful picture, reads a page from some good book and hears a piece of beautiful music, will soon become a transformed person, one born again." The picture sets are for the enrichment and enjoyment of the junior and his family. He should derive satisfaction from them and grow in his appreciation of the beautiful as he shares with the members of his family the story and study of the pictures which he has used at church school.

Of General Interest

That, specifically, is a description of each of the five types of material which constitute the new Junior Graded Series. Needless to say, much more could be written about each one, but here is some information of general interest about all of them.

The material is issued quarterly and has an identifying color and picture. It is further divided into units. Each unit has a teaching plan which has but one single objective, called the purpose of the unit, and all study and activities for several sessions are organized around this dominant purpose. Further, each session is planned to develop some one phase of that purpose—to help each child grow in some specific direction related to the general purpose of the unit.

For example, there are three units in the fall quarter: Unit I, "Getting Acquainted With Our Bible" (5 sessions); Unit II, "In Everything Give Thanks" (4 sessions); Unit III, "Remembering the Coming of Jesus" (4 sessions). In this quarter the materials and suggestions in the child's reading book, in the *Message to Parents,* in the pictures and study sheets as well as the materials and plans in the teacher's book are all related to these units.

The materials are based on the needs, interests, and abilities of juniors. Because at this age children are eager, alert, and active, there are many activities and opportunities for them to learn through doing. There is guidance for helping them to plan, to carry out and, finally, to evaluate their work. Throughout, the materials provide helpful suggestions and activities for the church school and home through which the juniors may learn Christian ways of feeling, thinking, and acting.

Means to an End

The new Junior Graded Series is not an end in itself, it is a means to an end—to help first-year junior children to grow in Christian ways.

As parents do their part in the home and the teacher guides the children in the church school, the children should grow in their understanding of God as a righteous,

loving, forgiving Father who expects righteousness and love of his children. Through many experiences of study and worship the juniors should grow in their understanding of the life, teachings, and work of Jesus and of his relationship to them so that when they understand the meaning of these things, they will accept Jesus as Savior and Lord, and commit their lives to Jesus' way of love and service.

The new Junior Graded materials are based on the Bible. They should help the juniors grow in their knowledge, understanding and appreciation of the Bible as the Word of God. And they should help develop the children's skills in using the Bible for enjoyment, in worship, and as a guide for daily living.

As the materials in the new Junior Graded Series are used in church and home, the children should grow in loving, thoughtful consideration for others in the home, church, school and community. They should grow in their appreciation of all people as the children of God. They should grow in their desire and knowledge of how to help others, whatever their need and wherever they are.

As a result of using the new Junior Graded materials, the children should grow in their relationship to the church. They should develop a desire to participate in its work and to assume responsibility for the church. They should develop loyalty to their own church, to their brotherhood and its world outreach, leading to the time when they will become intelligent, participating church members.

Yes, it is good news that the new Junior Graded Series is now ready for use. But the best news of all is that, as parents and church school teachers use the materials in home and church, the juniors will grow in their understanding of themselves, of others, of the church. They will grow in their understanding, knowledge and appreciation of the Bible, of Jesus and of God. With home and church working together, great things can be accomplished in the life of any child.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. There are three of these in a yard _____ — 89 127 114 122

B. Baby bird talk _____ — 129 56 124 82 126

C. A zero _____ — 18 36 70 64 25 55

D. The stalk that Jack climbed in the fairy tale _____ — 62 125 128 110

E. To stand in a bent-over position — 71 100 84 69 92

F. Pushed out the lips and looked sullen _____ — 23 32 72 74 21 7

G. The side of the face _____ — 96 77 106 101 37

H. This usually keeps the cattle where they belong _____ — 42 63 73 67 78

I. To move around on hands and knees _____ — 44 65 27 50 108

J. Fruit with a fuzzy skin _____ — 52 79 66 105 81

K. What Queen Elizabeth's father was _____ — 20 94 116 118

L. Next to the last birthday before the teens _____ — 26 4 45 120 30 102

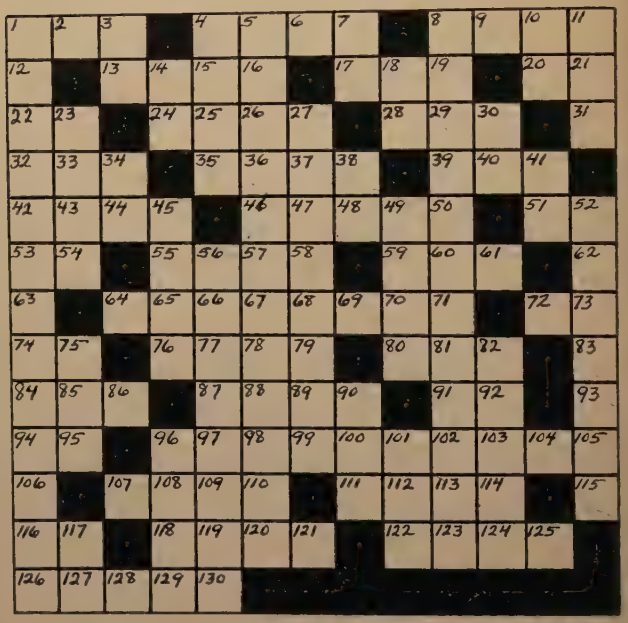
M. Cured, or made well _____ — 93 57 103 9 113 19

N. To be still _____ — 29 98 46 39

O. Directly under or below something _____ — 8 16 54 10 17 28 14

P. One twenty-fourth of a day____ — 123 109 107 85

Q. A little bit fat or bulky _____ — 12 76 53 91 80



Solution on page 40.

R. Stopped _____ — 47 43 31 90 22 61

S. Not one nor the other _____ — 49 3 40 13 2 15 6

T. One of the things food is served in _____ — 117 119 95 112

U. Mountain where Moses received the Ten Commandments _____ — 41 68 60 115 88

V. All by yourself _____ — 59 83 75 104 38

W. Bad tasting, or bitter _____ — 11 5 51 33

X. A cupola, such as is on the Capitol building _____ — 86 97 35 130

Y. The name of something, as a book _____ — 1 48 24 87 121

Z. A little depression, like on the fender of a car _____ — 34 58 99 111

By ELMER G. MILLION
—THE FATHER



WHEN Father BECOMES A Mother



From the trio's declaration of independence before baby's arrival until the union of the foursome, Father had a new vocation and a vacation, but not exactly a picnic. Common sense and jovial good humor make this true-experience article good reading.

I COULD hear her stirring; so I tiptoed up to her room and quietly opened the door. Slowly I stuck my head through the opening, and peered into the semidarkness. There she was—a seventeen-month-old cherub, standing upright in her bed, looking toward the door. She espied me, looked slightly confused at first, and then called out cheerily, "Mommie!"—Thus I became a mother!



It all started back in the summer of 1951 when my wife Ruth and I started facing the question of how to take care of our daughter, house, and me while Ruth was at the hospital for the birth of our second child. We decided that (1) we could not afford to hire someone to "come in," (2) none of our families, because of their various obligations, should be asked to help out, and (3) our established way of living should, for the sake of our daughter Charlotte, proceed as normally as possible. Result? I ended up arranging a two weeks' vacation to begin immediately upon the baby's arrival!

Our next problem was to groom me for this job of homemaking. I sometimes helped out with meals, dishes, house cleaning, and tending to Charlotte; hence I did not have to learn everything from scratch. But there were many tasks and schedules to teach me. Consequently, Ruth used the fall and winter months to give me further orientation and training.

Thus, by the latter part of December, we felt "good" about the whole matter.

Then arrived the fateful day. I was calmly doing dishes when a sharp cry from my wife brought me racing to the living room. She tersely informed me that this was it; and no delaying. So, I started to "get ready." Just then the telephone rang; it was a friend. "How is Ruth?" he asked cheerily, "Hasn't that baby come yet? . . ." I finally blurted out that she was having the baby right now, hung up, and proceeded to "get ready."

Meanwhile Ruth tried to phone her doctor. He wasn't in—neither at home, nor office, nor hospital, nor police station, nor any place else. What should we do now? Well, we phoned the hospital to tell them to prepare the delivery room!

We entered the hospital about 10:30 P.M., on December 28, and at 12:41 A.M., Stephen Aulick arrived, eight pounds four and three-quarter ounces and 18½ inches of brute manhood. I stayed with Ruth until 2:30 A.M. Then I drove home and it was about 3 A.M. when I got to bed.

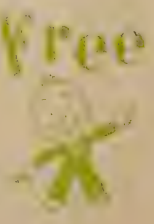
Bright and early that *same* morning a drowsy father was coaxed out of sleep by the delighted and increasingly insistent squeals of an adorable and very much awake daughter. My two weeks of motherhood had begun.

My first and most regular experience was meals.

For breakfast I always ate what Charlotte did—oatmeal (we both got tired of it!). At lunch I prepared a special meal for the girl and sandwiches or soup for myself. Dinners were easier. I usually prepared a three-course meal—salad, main dish, dessert. Charlotte's diet I supplemented as necessary.

On one occasion we went to a neighbor's for dinner—and what an experience! Charlotte was hyperactive, running from room to room, examining all objects, violating all niceties. Finally we sat down to eat, and I tried to feed the two of us; both of us left hungry!

But usually meals were a delight. I smacked my lips delectably over the oatmeal; Charlotte ate all her portion and part of mine. I fed her cheese by the "airplane" method and taught her to balance a dish when draining its contents. The manners developed would give a ictorian apoplexy, but food consumption was at an all-time high.



I also had several shopping experiences. My first was on Saturday, December 29. Ruth had not yet made out the shopping list; hence I was obliged to fly blind. I entered the supermarket in high spirits. With Charlotte firmly (?) deposited in a special carrier, we began an exciting pilgrimage. As I rolled close to a bank of cans to see whether or not I should make a purchase, Charlotte wildly reached for these gaily colored objects; she has rubber arms. After two or three avalanches I began steering a middle course. Several cookies and frustrations later we finally made our exit.

On another occasion, Charlotte discovered she could reach most of the objects deposited in the basket behind her. She bowled grapefruit down the aisles, chewed the wrapping off the bread, and helpfully handed several items to me, accompanied by appropriate vocalizations. At last I had my groceries stashed away in a huge box, deposited Charlotte on top, and majestically left, much to the amusement, and relief (?) of the clerks.

My housekeeping experiences were the normal ones—dishes, floors, dusting, washing, etc. But the frequency of performing some of these tasks was something else again. Every night, after the girl was tucked away, I had to straighten practically the entire house. Also, I developed a first-class diaper rash doing washes!

Actually, just taking care of the girl was not anything more than a full-time job. Meals, changes, play, comfort, naps, baths, et al., can nicely be squeezed into a single day. But add to this the many other responsibilities of a good homemaker and you can begin to see why "woman's work is never done." You also can begin to see why wives seek—and deserve—their husbands' help in many domestic chores. (You can also see why Ruth considered her hospitalization as "rest.")

But I must turn back a little.

Soon after Charlotte started calling me "Mommie," I convinced Ruth's doctor that she was recuperating quite rapidly and, furthermore, needed the psychic environment of our home. Hence he agreed to "release" her at noon Wednesday—just four and a half days after Stevie's birth.

We planned our homecoming very carefully.

Thus, at Wednesday noon we got home with Stevie. He was sound asleep, so we promptly deposited him in a bassinet in "our" bedroom. Then I brought Charlotte home. Mother and daughter greeted each other, and I sloughed off most of my maternity. We all had lunch and then we put Charlotte to bed for her nap. Everything was going like clockwork.

But then it happened!

Charlotte had awakened and I was just starting on a walk with her when Ruth called out that I was wanted on the phone from Chicago. I picked up Charlotte and dashed back to the house. I summarily deposited her in the front hall. Meanwhile the telephone had awakened Stevie, who was crying lustily. Ruth, a little wobbly on her feet, was trying to warm up some formula for him. The noise of this situation brought Charlotte racing into the kitchen. She seemed bewildered, and gave vent to a healthy "No!" Finally, I terminated my telephone conversation and gradually we got everything under control.

And that was not my first, or last, telephone call. Despite previous planning, my vacation did start rather abruptly and hence it was necessary to clear many business items by telephone. Fortunately, both the girls who work with me are intelligent and efficient persons. Consequently, with Mr. Bell's help, business proceeded as usual.

But let us return to the domestic scene. For a full week and a half after Ruth's return home I shopped, cooked, cleaned, cared for Charlotte, helped with the baby, and generally assisted Ruth. Increasingly during this period, Ruth took over the lighter jobs. By the time I had been back at the office a full week, she was doing the daily washes. I continue to help out, but she carries the major responsibilities.

I might add that the girls greeted me warmly upon my return to the office, but they were disappointed that I looked so well. In fact, they said I looked better than before the ordeal. "Housework must agree with you," they said. But I was glad to get back to the office—for a rest.

Four things happened to me in this little interlude. First, I got a better appreciation of my wife as a housekeeper and a mother. I found housekeeping a complicated and demanding business. A good housekeeper is the soul of efficiency and economy. I discovered that child tending is a twelve- to fourteen-hour per day proposition; and a good mother is always aware of and responsive to the presence, needs, and problems of her child. And nap times are not respites but simply an opportunity to do work which cannot be done when the child is awake (and around).

Secondly, my attitude toward my coming home from work has changed. Previously, I had looked

(*Continued on page* 40.)

DR. GEORGE W. CRANE



Family Counselor

The psychology of instalment buying is interesting. Here is an excellent example of child psychology which should contain some lessons for businessmen, as well as for parents and unmarried girls. We adults react much like children, except that we are less spontaneous and frank.

When George and Philip, my two oldest sons, were aged 9 and 8, they expressed a great desire to have a pony. Mrs. Crane had driven over to visit her parents in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and had taken our youngsters along. That very week end, the boys saw a little classified ad in the local newspaper, listing a pony, harness and wagon, all priced at $45 for immediate disposal. They were fascinated by the ad, and read it aloud to their mother. They argued that this pony was a real bargain, for didn't the ad say she was originally priced at $75? After a lengthy sales talk, therefore, they all got into the car, and drove out to the address given in the advertisement.

The pony, named Queen, was a beauty. Even 4-year-old Judy rode her down the lane and back. The boys literally skipped and hopped with glee. Their eyes shone like stars.

Mrs. Crane and I had discussed this matter earlier with the boys, and had agreed to match, dollar for dollar, whatever sum they wished to invest.

Give Children Jobs

Well, the upshot of it was that we soon had an eighth member of our family, a sorrel Shetland pony named Queen, aged six years.

On the trip back to Chicago the boys gloated and dreamed, but were dubious regarding how I would take the idea, especially since they had to persuade their mother to buy the pony first, before they had earned their share of the cost. I reassured them that I thought it was a pretty good deal, for their sales talk was so glowing you would have thought we'd bought a gold mine.

But I reminded them that they didn't own the pony till they had paid their half, amounting to $22.50. Philip emptied his banks and pockets until he collected a total of $3.00 which he paid on account. George could total only $1.32, which he gave me toward his share. I handed the boys a receipt and also entered the amounts on our kitchen calendar.

With the pony already in their possession, however, they seemed less interested in working out the balance which they owed. This common psychological reaction should also be a lesson to girls who give their sweethearts every sexual liberty before the wedding ring stage.

George and Philip planned to go down to visit Queen two weeks later, but I told them they must pay me $2.00 more on account before that date. They agreed, and accompanied me to the office on Saturday where I let them assemble and staple some of the educational bulletins for which you readers send stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Child Motivation

"How much will you pay us?" they inquired. "Ten cents an hour?"

"Oh, I believe you are pretty speedy workers, so I'll do better than that," I replied, knowing I must enable them to pay me back pretty soon or they'd get out of the notion.

"I'll pay you 25 cents per hour, but you must buy your own meals."

"Goody," Philip exclaimed, "we want to work till seven o'clock tonight. Then we'll have our $2.00."

They watched the clock like hawks. Promptly on the hour they rushed into my office and demanded their quarter, for children need to be paid often for maximum effect. Each hour thereafter they stopped and came for their additional quarters. Between times, they'd pause for a few minutes to count their mounting wealth. We then stopped for lunch. They bought a 15-cent hamburger with French fries, and regretfully passed up pie and ice cream to avoid depleting their funds. Then back to the office for three more hours. They were growing tired, and had a balance of $1.10, so we called it a day and came home.

❊ ❊ ❊

The government has unjustly criticized instalment buying, but this method of financing purchases is blameless. The real criticism should be leveled at the childish adults who permit cupidity to replace financial logic.

Queen, aged 6, is the Shetland pony previously mentioned. In order to encourage our older sons to pay their half of her purchase price, I decided to draw an outline picture of a pony. Mrs. Crane then made a second copy, and crosshatched each picture so that it was composed of big and little squares. Then she labeled some squares with 1c, others with 5c and the rest with 10c prices. Whenever the boys paid us something toward the $22.50 which was their quota, they were permitted to use their crayons and color as many sections of the pony as they had bought. Thus, if they worked until they had 25 cents, they could fill in two of the 10c squares and a 5c square.

This graphic, or visual, method of recording their instalments was quite appealing. Philip quickly filled in all the 1c squares, however, in order to make it look as if his pony was more nearly paid for. Both boys thus took a new interest in earning money and paying their debt, for they could see tangible results.

Visualize Your Services

The most successful dentists and physicians are often those who likewise visualize their services. For even we adults crave concrete examples in preference to generality. We also repose more faith in colored medicines and pink pills than in an hour's constructive though intangible lecture by our doctor. Even in regard to religion, we aren't much different from the Israelites who stampeded Aaron into molding a golden calf for them to worship.

An intangible object is more difficult to imagine than is a concrete item. Automobiles and radios, therefore, are much easier to sell than are life insurance policies. Churches with ritual and crucifixes, beads and statuary, can usually influence the average man or woman more effectively than those using only words and intangible concepts.

Doubting Thomas

Doubting Thomas epitomizes mankind's craving for tangibles in contrast to spiritual concepts. The Indians thus sold out the future inheritance of their posterity for a few glittering beads and some firewater. Thousands of Chicago voters in every election will sell out for a stein of beer. And relief checks will buy more votes than impassioned oratory about spiritual idealism and the lofty principles of those who founded our Republic. Bribery subverts even many intelligent men, because cold cash means automobiles, rich foods, movies and theater dates, travel, etc.

Prohibition thus had a difficult fight because it didn't offer revenue to newspapers in the form of advertising, as did the brewers. Nor did it produce obvious dividends on millions of dollars invested in brewing machinery. The prohibitionists didn't get their palms covered with 30 pieces of silver if they won. They unselfishly fought for the cause of idealism and the welfare of mankind.

Overgrown Children

The abuse of instalment buying is due to childish cupidity of the adults who sign up for more merchandise than their income warrants. They "want" a car as my boys wanted a pony. Without our parental prodding, and without our praise and graphic presentation of their progress in buying their pony, George and Philip would never have completed their payments.

An executive of a Chicago finance company which handles deferred payments on automobile purchases, told me that his company is stuck with 2,700 autos per month, instead of the 900 average number of defaulted contracts. Why? *Because childish adults, untutored in horse sense, have invested at inflation prices in automobiles they really can't afford.*

So we need more grammar school emphasis on money management and household budgeting.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a long, 3c stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

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THE BELLS

(*From page* 26.)

huge pots of hot soup, thick with chicken and rice, she did make! Every day Jon had great slices of white bread covered with rich, yellow butter. There was a special tall glass that was just for him to fill with foaming milk whenever he was thirsty. And Uncle Joe seemed to know all about the chocolate bars.

Each night when Jon had finished the last bit of his dinner, Uncle Joe's eyes would begin to twinkle and he would say, "I seem to have a surprise for someone. I believe it's hiding in one of my pockets, but I've forgotten which one." Then he would look right at Jon.

Jon would jump up and slip his hand into Uncle Joe's coat pocket. Sometimes he would have to try several pockets before he found the sweet square with crisp nuts, but it was always there. Yes, America was truly a most wonderful place.

Sometimes Jon wished that Grandmere could have come with him and shared all the good things. Then perhaps she would not have got so tired. He hoped she knew that his cough was gone. At night when he prayed he thanked God for his good American friends.

Jon thought these things again as he sat on the stool beside Aunt Lizzie. "When may I see the bells?" he asked slowly.

Aunt Lizzie looked at him very seriously and then she smiled. "Yes, I really do believe you are much plumper than you were when you first came to us. Let's go and see."

Together they went to the small bathroom scales and Jon stepped up onto them. "Am I big and heavy?" he asked anxiously. "Am I big enough to go with you to see the bells?"

Aunt Lizzie clapped her hands in surprise. "Why, I do declare! You must have rocks in your pocket."

Jon laughed. "It's the carrots and peas and beans," he cried eagerly. "They made me grow big and strong."

"They have indeed," agreed Aunt Lizzie. "And this very next Sunday you shall sit between Uncle Joe and me in our pew in the little church."

Jon thought Sunday would never come. He checked the days on the kitchen calendar. On Saturday he said, "Tomorrow I will see the bells." He was eager but just a little frightened, too.

On Sunday he was glad that after Uncle Joe had parked the car and got out, he took hold of Jon's hand. "We are going to stand over there on a little knoll. Pretty soon it is time for the bells to ring, and you will see them for yourself, Jon."

Jon could scarcely breathe for the beating of his heart.

"Look up high," said Aunt Lizzie. "See the silver bells in the church steeple."

Jon let his eyes go up, up, up the tall white steeple until he saw them. There they were! Right up against the blue sky. Why, they were beautiful! Even as Jon stood there watching, they began to swing slowly.

"Ding, dong! Ding, dong!"

Jon stiffened and caught his breath. He held very tightly to Uncle Joe's hand. Then he looked carefully around and saw that people were beginning to come up the walk toward the church. They were smiling and talking and nodding pleasantly. No one was frightened or running.

One man stopped and said, "Good morning, friends."

Uncle Joe said proudly, "This is Jon."

The man smiled and leaned to touch



"It's ten miles as the man walks."

Jon's head lightly. "Welcome, Jon. We are happy you have come."

Suddenly Jon felt the tightness in his throat go away. He felt warm and happy inside. He wanted to smile and sing like the bells. He looked up to Uncle Joe and Aunt Lizzie. "The bells are friendly. They are calling us to church. May we go inside?"

Aunt Lizzie nodded. "We shall go inside and thank God for our wonderful country and ask him to watch over us always," she said softly.

"I want to thank him for all the fine food and the warm sunshine," Jon said and then added happily, "And I will say 'thank you' because I am not afraid any more."

LET'S TALK ABOUT TRADITIONS

(*From page* 4.)

aren't sure of ourselves, or we don't have any clear ideas.

WORSHIP is a state of mind, a feeling of awe and reverence before the majesty and power of the Creator, or of gratitude and humility and adoration when one is filled with the wonder of God's love and goodness to us. It takes time, no little time to create such a mood, if one has not made a long habit of viewing all the events of life as having religious significance. Such a mood cannot be put on to order as one puts on an apron to prepare dinner. Indeed, hasty and ready-made worship services may do more harm than good if the children conclude that worship is merely going through a ritual at a certain time and place, saying things in peculiar language or with a peculiar tone of voice.

There is no dodging the difficulty of family worship. However, there are some earnest young parents working in different ways to make worship a meaningful part of their family life. Some are taking a long approach, trying to bring to their children experiences that will stir them imaginatively and lift up their spirits to heights of reverence and gratitude for the revelation of God through his creation.

One father, on successive Sunday evenings, studied the stars with his three children. He pointed out the different constellations, told them the Greek legends and the Indian tales about them. Then he told them the different theories about the heavens, from Copernicus down to today, and something of the mysteries that are still unsolved by man. Then, on one warm evening they walked to the schoolyard and stretched out on the grass. It was a beauteous night, clear and bright, with no moon to dim the stars. They named as many stars as they could and then, when they grew silent, their father quietly recited the Psalm which begins:

The heavens proclaim God's splendor
And the sky speaks of his handiwork.[2]

When he finished speaking, deep emotions held them quiet and motionless for some time. Even on their way home the few sentences spoken revealed that it had been a deeply moving and reverent experience for them all.

There had been long preparation for that experience of worship. It came as the culmination of all the days of growing appreciation that had preceded it. Perhaps others could achieve similar results by the study of nature or of animal life as it evolved through the ages. Wherever we start, if we go far enough we will come to the mystery of life, but we will also help our children to a growing sense of at-homeness in the world, and a reverence for life and the Giver of life.

Biologists today are speaking of the family as the "nurtural unit" of human living. Whatever is to have a lasting influence on an individual comes to him through his interaction with his family group—education, health, habits, attitudes. This would seem to suggest that religious values, too, to become a vital part of an individual's life, should be transmitted to him through his family life. What a marvelous opportunity for parents! Family traditions give us the technique for handing on our most precious gifts to our children.

[2] *The Bible: A New Translation*, by James Moffatt. Used by permission of Harper & Bros., copyright owners.

Cousin Tom

(*From page* 27.)

No one said a word.

"Don't you know what you are in?" asked Cousin Tom.

"We don't know what you mean. What's a put-together?" asked Dicky.

"Why, Dick, I am surprised that you don't know that. Put two and two together and you have—well, you have something else."

"Teacher calls that addition," said Flippy Squirrel, "and we're in that today."

Cousin Tom coughed. Not because he had a cold, but because he thought a schoolteacher should cough—important like. And—because he did not know what to do next!

"Children," began Cousin Tom, "children . . . well, I think it is recess time. Let's all go out and play."

"Hooray!" cried the animal children, "Cousin Tom is the best teacher!"

On the school playground there was a lot of shouting and laughing, and Cousin Tom was in every game, having the best time. Then Miss Bobtail came back. She had on a very pretty pink dress and was all washed and combed.

"Oh, Mr. Cousin Tom," she said, "it isn't time for recess yet. You will spoil my children. Come, come, boys and girls, let's get back to work."

Cousin Tom was so glad that his schoolteaching day was over that he said he really must be going.

"Oh, no, please don't go," begged Miss Bobtail. "I need some help this first day," and she looked so pretty in her pink dress that Cousin Tom took off his red derby and said he could stay a little while.

And it was a good thing that he did stay, I can tell you.

Just as the teacher started the lesson on put-togethers there was an awful scratching in the chimney, and a lot of soot fell down into the fireplace.

"Oh, oh!" cried Miss Bobtail, "what is that?"

"I am afraid that that is that bad old fellow named Chimbly Spricket," said Tom. "This is bad!"

"Shall we run away?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, no," said Tom, "the spricket is as fast as the wind."

Then, just as if he had taken an idea out of his pocket, Cousin Tom had an idea.

"How many boys and girls brought apples to the teacher?" asked the old cat.

Ever so many boys and girls had big, red apples for the teacher.

"How many boys have beanshooters, paper wads, and spitballs?" asked Cousin Tom.

Quite a number of naughty boys said they had, but they would not bring them to school again.

"Now," said the bachelor cousin, "watch for the spricket's legs and, when I tell you, throw your apples, your spitballs, your paper wads and your beans, and don't miss!"



"Do you remember whether I brought in the wash?"

The scratching in the chimney got louder and louder. By and by one foot came down and went up again. The foot came down again. Then two feet came down. And both feet went up. Then both feet came down, and the legs followed.

"Now!" shouted Cousin Tom.

And you never saw so many apples, beans, paper wads, and spitballs fly at one time! They all hit the bad spricket.

"Whosh! Sloosh! Kerfloosh!" yelled the spricket. The feet and legs disappeared and there was an awful thrashing around in the chimney; then all was quiet.

"I really must be getting home," said Tom.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Miss Bobtail. "You have been such a help."

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, the apples were not hurt at all. Miss Bobtail and the children washed them, and they were as good as new.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram, page 34.

SOLUTION: "The LORD bless thee, and keep thee: The LORD make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." (Numbers 6:24-26)

The Words

A Feet	N Hush
B Cheep	O Beneath
C Naught	P Hour
D Bean	Q Stout
E Stoop	R Halted
F Pouted	S Neither
G Cheek	T Dish
H Fence	U Sinai
I Creep	V Alone
J Peach	W Sour
K King	X Dome
L Eleven	Y Title
M Healed	Z Dent

When Father Becomes a Mother

(*From page* 36.)

upon our home as a refuge, a place for rest, recuperation, etc. Now I realize that Ruth works as hard as I do all day long, and my homecoming is her only occasion for partial relief. Hence, I now come home to assume my share of parental and home duties.

Thirdly, there has come the insight that a housewife lives in the midst of her work twenty-four hours per day. We men at least get a little variety; we work part of the day at one place and part at another. But not so with the woman. Hence recreation—an evening out—is ten times more important to Mother than to Dad. Proper recognition of this fact would forestall a lot of tiffs, and strengthen home life.

Fourthly, I have become keenly aware of the difficulty and necessity of discipline in the life of a child. They depend on routine; they thrive on ritual; they must have discipline.

These four results I consider to be more than commensurate with my investments of time, energy, and self. I covet for all young fathers this rigorous and rewarding experience of motherhood.

Teen-Age Worries

(*From page* 6.)

need for worry. Such living makes easy those difficult decisions about lifework and what to do after high school. The worry is removed, for you will move naturally into the next moment and the next day.

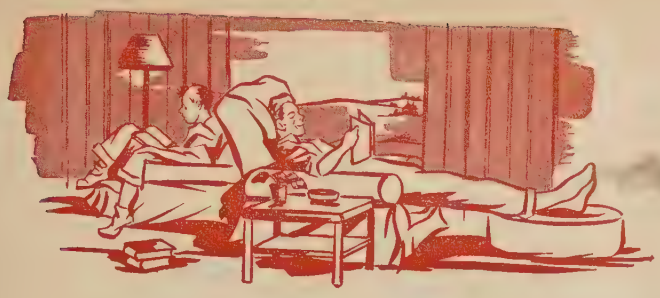
6. *Live each day with God and in comradeship with Christ.* To start a day without "worry" lay your burden on God through prayer. Ask Him for guidance. In that way, worry never has the opportunity to enter your life. If He is your companion, you will live only to the highest you know. You will be above worry, for God is with you. It was Paul who said, "For me to live is Christ." Perhaps you would do well to say, "For me to live 'without worry' is *Christ living within me.*"

Middle Child

(*From page* 31.)

sight of Mom waving at him. Not only Mom, but Dad, Greg, Douglas, Martha, Bill, Dan, and two strangers, all packed in Miss Orton's breakfast room, all grinning and waving. He stood staring so long he nearly forgot to turn around.

But when Heller began to play, he wasn't scared at all. It was just like playing at home, only quiet. And the good feeling that grew in him at the sight of his family seemed to spread clear down to his finger tips as they rippled over the keys.



Books for the Hearth Side

For Children

Now, who ever heard of going for a sleighride in summer? Bob got to take a sleighride in July. How that happens is told in the book **Bob's Summer Sleighride,** by Marion W. Marcher (Aladdin Books, unpaged, $1.75). This is a beautifully illustrated, well-written book. Its exciting story will thrill boys and girls six, seven and eight years old.

✦ ✦ ✦

The Adventures of Benjamin Pink, by Garth Williams (Harper and Brothers, 151 pages, $2.00), is a fanciful animal story which reminds the reader of *Robinson Crusoe.* Benjamin Pink is a rabbit who goes fishing, is shipwrecked, and has a terrific time getting back to his beloved Emily and home. The black-and-white illustrations are very fine and children six, seven, and eight years old will like the book.

✦ ✦ ✦

Families will enjoy reading **Ginger Pye,** by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 250 pages, $2.50). This story of wholesome family life has adventure, mystery, and humor. The characters are realistic and lovable. It is a book which will be read and re-read, particularly by boys and girls eight to twelve years of age.

✦ ✦ ✦

Robert and His New Friends, by Nina Schneider (a Little Golden Book, Simon and Schuster, unpaged, 25c) is an attractive and happy story for children four and five years old. Robert finds new friends when his family moves to a new apartment. Other Little Golden Books to be enjoyed are **What If?; Here Comes the Parade; Christopher and the Columbus;** and **Frosty, the Snow Man.**

✦ ✦ ✦

Tilly's Strange Secret, by Christine Noble Govan (Aladdin Books, 184 pages, $2.25), is a surprising story of a girl who wanted to help her friends; she found the way. The book contains many fast-moving and exciting incidents which both boys and girls will enjoy. This is an excellent book for children nine, ten and eleven years old.

✦ ✦ ✦

Boys of junior age will thrill to the exciting tale of **Leif Ericson, Explorer,** by Ruth Cromer Weir (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 128 pages, $1.50). This book tells of Leif's boyhood in Iceland and Greenland; of his visit as a young man to the court of Norway; and of his fateful trip of exploration to the rich new land of the West, which he named Vinland the Good. The author has used details from both the Greenland and the Iceland versions of this saga.

✦ ✦ ✦

Boys and girls eight years old and older will laugh, get excited, and be thrilled with the happenings of **Westford Juniors, Inc.,** by Alletta Jones (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 192 pages, $2.50). This is a wonderful family story with plenty of life and good fun. Westford Juniors tend a garden and run a vegetable stand; they put on a show complete with costumes and animal acts; they find and sell antiques. Most important of all, they welcome a lonely, spoiled girl and help her to become happy and unselfish. The black-and-white illustrations are extremely attractive and interesting.

Bedford Forrest, Boy on Horseback, by Aileen W. Parks; **Zack Taylor, Young, Rough and Ready,** by Katharine E. Wilkie; and **George Dewey, Vermont Boy,** by Laura Long (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.75 each) are additions to the ever-popular, interesting and educational Childhood of Famous Americans Series. All have beautiful silhouette illustrations.

✦ ✦ ✦

Animal personalities seem never to lose their appeal to young readers. *Wind Runner,* by G. W. Barrington (published by Longmans, Green, Inc., New York. 160 pages. Price, $2.50) tells the story of Fleet, an African impala antelope. The entire family will enjoy reading together this unusual biography of an unusual subject. The author has drawn some excellent pictures to illustrate his book.

For Young People

Two and the Town, by Henry Gregor Felsen (Scribner's, New York, 1952; 275 pages, $2.50) is not just the ordinary light story for young people. It deals with a serious moral and social issue that is faced in some measure by every young person of late high school age. It is the story of Elaine and Buff, two eighteen-year-olds, largely unguided by their parents, finding themselves swept by seas of emotions which they do not understand, into a social situation which is filled with hard realities. How these two worked their way through to the promise of ultimate success in their early marriage and unprepared parenthood is told with skill and understanding. The author knows young people and portrays them sympathetically. This story will give older young people and their parents some long and sober thoughts to think.

✦ ✦ ✦

Lovers of the "great American game" will enjoy **Southpaw Flyhawk,** by Addison Rand (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1952; 183 pages, $2.25). It is the story of Eddie, the promising young southpaw (lefthanded) pitcher of the semi-pros who learned that it's better to be a great outfielder than a "run-of-the-mill pitcher." Eddie has a lot to learn as he goes up the baseball ladder but he is willing, and after the rough edges are polished off, both baseball and social, he turns out to be a real gem of the diamond. A good, clean thrilling story of sport, that even those who don't "know" baseball will understand and enjoy.

✦ ✦ ✦

If you have a spark of Christian charity in your heart you will like **The Penningtons,** by Basil Partridge (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1952; 284 pages, $3.00). True enough, they belong to a different church from most of us who read *Hearthstone.* Also they do some things, at least one, that most of us do not approve. But they are a likeable family and the working out of the family story is an absorbing one.

This is the story of a minister's family in Canada. We see the kindly but ineffective Dean, his unpredictable but loyal wife, his several children with all their differing personalities, as they all work out their destinies with affection, humor, and some degree of finally resolved intolerance. The author, himself a product of such a family, writes with authority; so much so that he says he hardly knows where fiction ends and reality begins. At least one minister (this reviewer) read of the trials and tribulations of another minister's family with real sympathy and appreciation.

DUST OFF the DICTIONARY

And have some fun!

By Mabel A. Korpov

WE HAVE a Word Party several times a month. This is not a formally organized party; on the contrary, it is a seemingly spontaneous affair. It just seems to happen, but in reality it results from days of thought on my part.

On an evening when the question "What can I do?" seems to be coming up, I take out the dictionary. Having made mental and written notes on any words in our conversations that might be new to my young son or that might have an interesting history, I am ready to begin. Before long I have found a word that holds interest, and we are off on an adventure.

For example, one evening's entertainment began with our attempt to identify a small bird we had seen during the day. It proved to be a *linnet*, a common bird of the finch family. It derives its names from the Latin word *linum*, meaning *flax*. It was so named because it feeds on the seeds of flax and hemp.

This raised the question, "What is flax and what is linen?" Part of the answer was found in our linen closet, where we examined the fabric, and the dictionary supplied the definition—"Thread or cloth made of flax or (rarely) hemp. Has come to mean shirts, collars, house furnishings, such as sheets and tablecloths made or formerly made of linen; also a high grade writing paper originally made from linen rags only."

From this we went on to the word *flax* and supplemented the dictionary with the encyclopedia to answer the next question, "How can they make cloth from a plant?" In our travel through the dictionary we encountered many words related to *linen* such as:

Linin: "a bitter white purgative substance derived from the purging of flax (Cathartolinum catharticum). Used in medicine."

Linseed: flaxseed, used as a demulcent and emollient and yielding an oil (linseed oil).

Linsey-woolsey: a coarse cloth of linen and wool and sometimes of cotton and wool.

Lint and *linter* derived from the same source as *linen*.

Imagine our astonishment to learn that *linoleum*, the floor covering, gets its name from the Latin words *linum*, meaning flax, and *oleum*, meaning oil (which brought up the word oleomargarine for later study). Linoleum, we learned, is made of a mixture of solidified linseed oil, gums and cork dust or wood flour, which is then given a backing of burlap or canvas.

In our detective work we had touched upon at least five seemingly unrelated subjects: etymology, ornithology, textiles, medicine, manufacturing and agriculture. And we had added the understanding and spelling of at least nine words to our vocabularies.

Sometimes visitors, young and old, will drop in during our Word Hunts and are soon participating and contributing a great deal to our enjoyment of the fun.

Another adventure sprang from an arithmetic lesson in which *roman numerals* were a part. We learned that Rome, now a city but once an empire, was founded (according to mythology) by Romulus, the twin of Remus whom he killed during a quarrel. Any reference to Rome brings to mind Julius Caesar, whose armies carried to England some of the words which we use in our everyday speech. During this Word Hunt we had touched on the subjects of mythology, history, geography and art.

Because so many of our words stem from Greek and Latin, geography and history take on additional meaning, become more real through our word study. By using the dictionary often, a child will develop an interest in our language (which word comes from the Latin *lingua*, meaning *tongue*), which will help him throughout his life.

Let your youngster participate in finding the words. It is good training and will increase his interest. Soon he will be making note of words to introduce into the game. Subjects that provoke greater interest can be pursued in the encyclopedia.

Fifteen minutes once a week spent with your child over the dictionary will increase not only his understanding-vocabulary (and yours, too) but it will also develop his knowledge in many other fields. It will stimulate broader interests, develop a certain amount of self-confidence because the child will have factual knowledge of many subjects. It will give you a closer relationship with your child during the games. It will provide subject matter for discussion at later dates. And finally (and perhaps most important), YOU will be astonished at how much you are learning. . . . And such fun, too!

A Mother Goose PARTY



By Dorothea Boyd

EVERYONE at this party steps out of the nursery book, including Mother Goose, who is the hostess or teacher. Your Mother Goose party can be held indoors or out, depending upon the season and the facilities. It can be adapted for a wide age-range but is especially suited to children five to eight years old.

If you are fortunate enough to have some old Mother Goose picture books around which the children no longer want, you might cut out pictures of each character you are going to use. A picture will be pinned on each child as he enters. Or, just write or print out the name tag for each.

We used the twelve names suggested by the activities listed below. If you have more children, you might have the additional nursery rhyme characters play out the story they represent. For example: Little Boy Blue, Jack Sprat and Jack Sprat's Wife, Mary (who had a little lamb), Mouse (who ran up the clock), and the Old Woman in the Shoe.

Introduce each game or activity by reading the rhyme which identifies the character. We also used the *Who Am I?* riddle book purchased from the dime store for variety. The children enjoy guessing the character from the riddle.

Little Bo-Peep. Blindfold Little Bo-Peep and have her stand in the center of a circle. All other players (in circle) are sheep. Little Bo-Peep counts to 10 (reduce the count for older children), while the sheep change positions. At the final count, everyone stops where he is and Little Bo-Peep finds a sheep. The caught sheep must *Baa!*, disguising his voice. If she guesses who it is, the sheep becomes Little Bo-Peep, and the game continues.

Jack Be Nimble. Place two candles in holders on the floor or ground and give one player two or three jar rings, which he tries to throw over the candles. Give 5 points for ringing the nearest candle and 10 points for the farther one. Highest scorer may receive a prize.

Pussy Cat. Draw a large cat with black crayon on a large sheet of wrapping paper or newsprint. Pin the drawing to a wall or put it up on a flannelgraph board. Give each child a crayon, using as many different colors as possible. Blindfold one of the children, turn him around three times, and have him draw a pair of whiskers on Pussy Cat. Each child gets one chance. Best placed whiskers wins.

Humpty-Dumpty. Spread clean cloth or paper on floor or table and place several different-sized bowls and glasses on it. Mark the bowls with numbers, giving the largest dish 1 point and the smallest glass 10 points. Each child is given five jelly beans and takes his turn tossing for score. Highest score is the winner and, of course, each child may eat his beans when he is through tossing.

Little Miss Muffet. This game is played like "Hot Potato." You may use a large rubber spider which you can buy at the toy counter, or knot a black piece of cloth to represent the spider (the latter is better for small children). The idea is for those in the circle to keep Miss Muffet from getting the spider. If she touches anyone holding it, then that one becomes Miss Muffet and goes to the center of the circle.

Simple Simon. Have Simple Simon pull a large paper or cardboard fish out of a pail. On the fish is written "Fish Story." Mother Goose spreads out the magic carpet (blanket) for small chidlren or arranges chairs in a circle. She then tells a fish story.

(You might adapt the fish story from *Uncle Walter's Animal Stories* for this.)

Mary, Quite Contrary. After reading this rhyme, give Mary directions for finding the "little maids all in a row." These will be lollipop dolls dressed in paper napkins, one for each child. Cut a small hole in the center of a paper napkin and make two small slits about ¾ inch on each side of the center hole and about ¾ inch away. Slip the napkin up the sucker stick. Wrap a pipe cleaner around the sucker stick just below the candy ball and under the napkin and bend the arms. Then carefully put them through the slits. Fold down the napkin to form the dress.

Jack Horner. Give Jack directions for finding the "Christmas pie." This is a large, round pan containing something good to eat for the children (cookies, candy or bubble gum) and covered with red tissue paper to look like a pie. After Jack Horner puts in his

thumb and pulls out a plum, each child takes his turn for the treat.

Old Woman. Read the rhyme:

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon.
What she did there I could but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by."

Give the Old Woman a broom and send her after her basket to see what she can sweep from the sky. She will bring back a bushel basket containing the cake for the party. (If this is a birthday party, then the stars will twinkle when the candles are lighted.)

Jack and Jill. Send them after the "pail of water." This will be lemonade or cocoa, according to the season of the year.

Mother Goose then serves the dishes of ice cream. Following the refreshments, if this is celebrating a birthday, Mother Goose will recite "To market, to market" as she brings in a market basket full of gifts for the guest of honor to open.

Peter, Pumpkin-Eater. To close the party, put balloons in a pumpkin, either a real pumpkin one made out of orange paper or cardboard. Any gift for each child may be put inside, but most children like a balloon. Let Peter hold the pumpkin while each child draws.

Goodbye!

There were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill.
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

TIMELY TIPS

By Mary Elsnau

Use a tea ball to hold spices, onion or seasoning for flavoring soups and stews.

Bed springs may be cleaned thoroughly and quickly by using damp, long-handled dish mop. Dust doesn't fly.

Turn hem at correct length and slip bobby pins over the fold at frequent intervals. Easy and leaves no pin holes.

For flaky rice, put two tablespoons of vinegar to each quart of boiling water before adding rice.

When making buttonholes in flimsy or ravelling material, paint the spot where the buttonhole is to be with colorless nail polish.

All in the Family

By Harold Helfer

When two men named Columbus Hansley living at the same Hamilton, Ohio, address, applied for licenses to marry two women named Baker, sharing the same postoffice box, the county clerk was confused. But it turned out the men were uncle and nephew and the women were sisters!

The Geyerman family's Navy uniform is back in the service again. Peter Geyerman, Rapid City, South Dakota, had the blue uniform tailor-made while serving with the Navy in World War I. When his son Robert joined the Navy during World War II, Mrs. Geyerman gave him the suit. Another son, Peter, recently joined the Navy and is now at San Diego. The 33-year-old uniform was mailed to him.

In Chicago, W. C. Dillon, an inventor, has six sons, all inventors, and together they hold a total of sixty-six patents and comprise the entire official staff of W. C. Dillon and Company, which does about $500,000 of business a year.

Mrs. Mary Ann Many, 92, of Liberty, New York, became a grandmother for the sixty-fourth time when one of her ten children gave birth to a baby.

Pvt. John J. Wheeler, 46, of West Selkirk, Canada, volunteered to stay in Korea for six more months so he and his son, Pvt. John Jr., 22, both members of the first Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, could go home together on rotation.

Mr. and Mrs. John Farese won elections and serve together in the Mississippi legislature, representing Tippah and Benton counties.

Variety in Pairs

(*From page* 29.)

Then, how do you make a start at boy-and-girl friendships? It is not hard, really. Several of you are standing around talking after school and decide to go skating together. Then one of the bunch invites everyone in for hot chocolate and cookies afterward. It's not a formal party but it's fun.

Many of the younger teen-agers enjoy wiener and marshmallow roasts. Several boys get together and name some girls they think it would be fun to include—not individual dates but just girls they enjoy being with. If some of them elect to pair off and walk home together afterward, that's all right too. Or a group of girls or a single girl may plan a party. She may make it even couples or just a group of boys and girls. The hostess may ask each boy to call for a particular girl and see that she gets home if it's an evening party. Or she can wait and form temporary couples with mixing games at the party.

Remember the statement about not being lazy? Going steady is a lazy person's way out of what he considers unnecessary problems. He can always be sure of having a date when he needs or wants one. He doesn't have to be on his best behavior all the time. His "steady" will put up with a lot that a casual date would object to. He doesn't have to be nice to a lot of strange people in order to find a few congenial ones. Oh, there seem to be a lot of advantages but . . .

There are a lot of disadvantages too. Experience shows that the disadvantages usually outweigh the good points. Young people who pair off too soon are seldom as well balanced in their emotional development or as well rounded socially. They miss a lot of good friendships, for interests must necessarily be narrowed down to correspond to those of their "steady." They miss good times and fun, too. Just compare the date calendar of the average popular lass and her neighbor who has settled down to a "steady," and see which one gets around the most.

After a group of the younger teen-agers have been enjoying these informal group dating parties for a few months, it is inevitable that pairs will begin to develop within the group. Our whole society influences us this way. The radio is full of you-and-I songs; the movies are mainly love stories in which the hero is rewarded with heroine in the end; fiction, particularly the kind which teen-agers read, is often of the romantic type.

Before you take the leap, however, just remember that the heroes and heroines of these pretty fancies are not thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen, or even near that age. They are nearly grown adults, and the situation is quite different. The romantic love they are talking about ends with engagements, marriage, and the establishment of a new home. Yours is quite different.

As the informal no-date mixed parties start becoming double and single dates, just take it easy and play the field for awhile longer. See how many different types of fellows and girls you can get to know. It's all good experience for the future when you make your choice of the kind of mate with whom to spend the rest of your life.

STUDY GUIDE

on "God in the Home"

By ED STOWELL MACE

I. *Getting the Article Before the Group*—

The ideal, of course, is for every member of the group to read the article beforehand. If this cannot be arranged, at least one member should be appointed in advance to read the article carefully and critically, and to review it for the group.

II. *Introduction*—

The leader should open the study period with a brief talk, which might include the following points:

A. The need of a real knowledge of God and fellowship with him—
1. In our individual lives
2. In our homes
3. In the human community—neighborhoods, towns, cities, nations

B. Such knowledge and fellowship do not come automatically by instinct—
1. Point out God's gradual revelation of himself to the Hebrew people, and their long quest for him.
2. Raise the question as to how the people of today come to their knowledge of God.

C. The purpose of this session is to find out the responsibilities of the home in furthering the child's religious development, and to investigate the means by which these responsibilities can be met.

III. *Discussion*—

(If desired, some of the questions below may be assigned in advance to various members for discussion during the meeting.)

A. The responsibilities of the home—
1. Where did you get your idea of God?
a) To what extent was it shaped by home experience?
b) What other forces shaped your idea of God?
c) Did your parents help any at the points where you found difficulty with your faith? In what ways did they succeed best? In what ways did they fail?
d) Does the modern home hold the same influence in regard to our ideas of God? If not, in what ways has it changed?

B. The development of the conception of God.
1. Have several members tell what they can remember of their earliest ideas of God.
2. Where did these ideas come from? How early did they begin to change?
3. Have others tell what they thought of God as high school students.
4. What doubts did you have concerning God, and at what age did they occur?
5. What factors contributed most to the growth of your conception of God?
6. What normal experiences almost always affect our ideas about God?
7. Where does conversion enter into this idea of growth toward God? What part does the home play in conversion?

When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, or from the school or church library.

Guide in Making Articles. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in such books as *Here's How and When*, by Armilda Keiser.

Direct Games. Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Nina Millen.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York; Disciples to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 South Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

8. When can one be satisfied with his knowledge of God?

C. Formal influences toward God in the home—

1. Is a family worship period essential for a full development of the consciousness of God's presence in the home? If not essential, is it helpful?

2. Have some members of the group describe their family devotionals.

3. How can the Bible best be used in the home?

a) How do you select passages for family reading?

b) How do you encourage young people to read it for themselves? Have you tried reading the modern translations? What do you think is their value?[1]

4. What other materials do you have which will help children and young people grow in their knowledge of God? (*Suggestions:* Children's missionary stories; Christian art; sacred music on records and radio; novels, such as those by Lloyd Douglas and A. J. Cronin; church periodicals; for college students, books from the Hazen series; plays, such as "The Terrible Meek" and "Dust of the Road"; radio programs, such as "The Eternal Light"; filmstrips or any good moving picture based on sacred themes.)

D. Informal influences in the home—

1. Call upon the group to point out some instances where ideas of God (good or bad) have been formed through some unconscious attitude of the parents.

2. Would a stranger coming into your home for a few days recognize a genuine sense of reverence?

3. Do Christian concepts, particularly those pertaining to God, come naturally into the conversation in your home? Should they?

4. Is Christian stewardship a natural part of the planning of your home—in vocations, in the dedication of talents, in the support of the church? How will the practice of Christian stewardship affect ideas of God?

E. Projects—

1. Challenge the group to try a uniform kind of daily devotional for a month, and to report results at the next meeting.

2. Ask the group to check their own homes to see how many consecutive days pass without the mention of God or anything related to him in their homes.

IV. *Additional Resources*—

A. General:
Odell: *Our Family Grows Toward God.*
Rosser: "Your Child Grows Toward God" (a pamphlet).
Hayward & Hayward: *The Home and Christian Living*, chapter 10.

B. To read to or with children:
Niedermeyer: *Then I Think of God.*
Jones, Mary Alice: *Tell Me About God.*

C. For devotional life:
The Secret Place or *The Upper Room.*
Stanley Jones's devotional booklets.
Slattery: *One in Seven.*

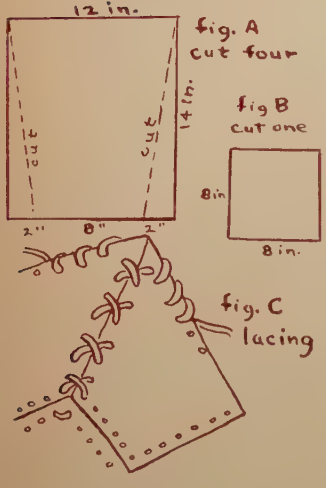
[1]See the series of articles which began in the August *Hearthstone*: "Table Talk on Bible Versions." Also, current newspaper and magazine articles on the forthcoming Revised Standard Version.



By NENA PALMER

It's fun!
It's profitable!
It's creative!

MAKING WASTEBASKETS



PERSONALLY, I never buy a wastebasket! And I have one in every room in the house. Each one suits its particular room, and each member of the family has contributed his ideas or interests to them. Nothing gets more use than wastebaskets, and ours make us think of happy hours spent in fixing them and in collecting materials for their decoration.

Making the Foundation

There are three main sources for the basic basket: old wastebaskets of any size, material, shape and description; assorted boxes and tin cans; and a form made of cardboard.

I don't need to describe the variety of worn, faded, or uninteresting baskets found around a house, waiting for new decorations to give them a new lease on life.

For small baskets in a bedroom or bath, nothing is more suitable than a large tin can, which probably had peanut butter or some such thing in it. Of course the top should be cut out very carefully with a can opener that leaves a clean, smooth edge. If you have a large, round oatmeal box of heavy cardboard, it will make a pretty basket, but more fragile.

If you want to start from scratch, get very firm, heavy cardboard, or the corrugated board from large packing boxes. Cut four pieces for the sides (see Fig. A) and one for the bottom (see Fig. B). You can follow the diagrams for size, or vary both size and shape to suit your purpose. There are two ways to fasten these: You may close the sides and base firmly with very heavy gummed paper or cloth tape, but take care to leave a space between the pieces so that they will bend as they should. Or you may punch holes an inch apart along the sides and top, and lace them together with heavy cord or rug yarn or with strips of leather such as is used in making purses. Lace them as you would lace shoes (Fig. C).

Decorating the Basket

Now—do you have a hobby? I have dozens, in fact more decorating ideas than there are rooms in our house!

If you save postcards, trim some to fit the sides of the basket, and glue them on with cement glue, being sure to seal the edges down securely. If you are interested in dogs, or cats, or horses, clip pictures of them and paste them on. For a girl's room, glue a large magazine cover of a scene or flower arrangement on one side. Or, make a "patchwork quilt" basket, with all sorts of scraps cut in odd shapes with pinking shears and carefully glued in place. Prints of historic places, or sailing boats make a grand basket, and an ideal gift for Dad or Brother. A gift basket for Mother would use the flower prints, either cut as a square, or carefully cut out around the posies. And I'll bet you a chocolate cake that her favorite gift for birthday or Christmas would be a kitchen basket covered with recipes with their bright pictures cut from any of the magazines! And can't you imagine a basket for little brother's room with cute animals all over it? Or dolls for a little girl?

Religious pictures cut from old Christmas cards make a beautiful basket, and are just the right thing to give your favorite aunt, or to sell for your biggest charity project.

Friends of ours, on a trip last summer, saved the stickers from every hotel and town they passed. These made a facinating basket for their study, and an ideal souvenir from their trip.

Perhaps maps make the best baskets of all! Road maps, city maps, foreign maps, state maps, maps of the entire nation—whichever interest you most or would be best suited for the person for whom you are making a basket. Cut them to fit and glue them on! For maps, a round or oval basket is best because the map will fit around it in one piece.

Presto! A Basket!

Once you have your map, pictures, or cloth pasted firmly on the basket, paint the entire thing with clear shellac. This makes a durable, waterproof finish, and also keeps the pictures on. Then put it in your room, or wrap it as a gift! And it will sell better than a hotcake at your next church or charity bazaar!

I doubt if one person could make a hundred wastebaskets, but I'm sure you have that many ideas by now!

Tips on Washing

CORDUROYS

In washing corduroys, be guided by the fastness of the color and the degree of soil. Children's coveralls, slacks and other garments that get thoroughly soiled, can be best washed in the machine, using *luke warm* water and enough powdered soap to make a good suds. Be sure to pretest for colorfastness and wash separately if the color runs. Corduroy skirts, jackets, sports shirts and accessories should be hand washed to insure keeping that new look for a long time. Don't let these get too soiled.

Wash by dipping the garment up and down in a lukewarm, fluffy suds. Have sufficient suds so that you can swish the corduroy around in it. Never friction rub the fabric, nor crumple it in your hand.

Remove from water, squeeze gently by hand, roll in Turkish towel. Do NOT wring or twist. Wringing will mat the pile and leave ugly crease marks. Knead towel gently to remove excess moisture. Then unroll and shake garment vigorously.

While fabric is still damp, smooth out any wrinkles. Pull garment into shape, the same way a woolen sweater is hand-blocked. If carefully handled, no pressing is necessary. However, if iron is used, press only on wrong side of garment.

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

HELP KEEP PACE with the "NEW ATTITUDE"

By BILL PASMAN

BEING FATHER of three daughters, I know from experience there are many periods in homes with children, when the atmosphere seems to be highly charged with something of an explosive nature. And usually it takes but a very small spark to set it off.

Yesterday, for example, our fourteen-year-old Mary was peacefully curled up in the huge chair in front of the window, sewing quilt blocks together—part of a Girl Scout sewing project she is working on.

The quietness was interrupted by the sound of little sister Alice thumping down the stairway, fresh and friendly from a good afternoon nap. She went directly to where Mary was working.

"What are you doing, Mary?" came the inevitable question. A four-year-old child, of course, isn't likely to be very delicate about handling anything, and carefully sewed quilt blocks are no exception. Only a few quick tugs, and in the time it took Alice to ask Mary the question, the threads of one block were loosened and torn.

Before Mary had an opportunity to voice her exasperation, Alice brightly offered, "I'll help you, Mary." And in her attempt to climb up beside her big sister, she upset the neat stacks of quilt blocks.

Usually, this would provide the spark to set off a first-rate shouting and pushing contest, at the very least. But not this time. Mary has developed what she calls the "new attitude."

IT STARTED quite by accident several weeks before, when Mary had several of her girl friends over after school for cookies and ginger ale. While they were eating, they started discussing their Girl Scout leaders. Mother, helping to serve the cookies, could not help but overhear some of the conversation.

"Mrs. Marsh is a darling!" exclaimed Mary. "But Mrs. Peterson is pretty sharp with me just about all the time."

Betty cut her short. "You know why, too, Mary. Mrs. Peterson just can't put up with your attitude."

Betty wasn't Mary's best friend. "Sometimes you work hard on the Scout projects, and at some meetings you just spend your time playing around during the work periods. Maybe she thinks you're a drip, Mary."

"Well, I don't *always* play around. You'll have to admit that!" defended Mary. "But she doesn't have to be sharp with me *all* the time."

"I think they're both pretty swell. But I think Mrs. Marsh has more patience with us," offered Sally.

"See what I meant!" said Mary, brightly. "Mrs. Marsh isn't *always* cross with me. She knows when I'm not playing around, and isn't cross then. And when I do play around, she doesn't make me feel bad at all. I don't mind when she disciplines me."

That night after the dishes were done and the little ones tucked in bed, Mother and Mary had a long talk.

"You seem to like Mrs. Marsh, don't you, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, Mother! Mrs. Marsh understands me. You see, it's just like Alice and—I mean, I'm like Alice. Sometimes Alice is really helpful, and sometimes she's just full of mischief. She can't help it, any more than I can sometimes at Scout meetings."

"When you get into this mischief you mentioned, what does Mrs. Marsh do?" asked Mother.



"Well, she usually will ask me to do something for her, or ask me to help her with something. Even if I know she is inventing the job, it's still plenty of fun!"

"Then, when Alice annoys you, what do you think *you* should do?"

Mary thought for a while. And for a fourteen-year-old girl, she thought pretty deeply. "I see what you mean. I wonder what Alice thinks of *me?*"

"No one forgives more quickly than a child, Mary," said Mother, "but that's not the point. Your asking Alice to *help* you when she is bothering will make it a lot easier on you. Just try it."

That's why, yesterday, when Alice pulled the threads from the quilt blocks and upset them all over the floor, Mary didn't start "a shovin' and a shoutin'." Instead, she said, "Alice, I've a good idea! Why don't you plug in your little electric iron. While it's heating you can get out your ironing board. Then you can press the quilt blocks before I sew them together. But you must be careful!"

"I'll be careful," promised Alice. And she neatly pressed and stacked the quilt blocks. Mary sewed, and everything was peaceful again.

OF COURSE, this doesn't work every time. Nothing does. But it works often enough to prove to Mary that it pays to give it a good try every time. And it works sufficiently well to warrant Mother's time in training Mary to practice the "new attitude" at home.

All little children are not alike, of course, and adjustments will have to be made. In general, this new attitude will not work if Mother or Mary merely assign the younger children to a different task. The child must participate, must actually help, or feel he is helping, with the task Mother or Mary is working on.

For example, Alice loves to dust the books in the bookcase. But she won't do it just to keep out of Mother's or Mary's hair while they are trying to do the dishes. At that time she will gladly help clear the table, brush the crumbs, and put away the silver after Mother or Mary wash it. Try variations of this sometime with your "small fry."

This Is the Way We Did It...

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!



Over the Back Fence

September Soliloquy

. . . Do you remember how this month, which has the Latin word for "seven" in its name, became the ninth month instead of the seventh? The old Roman year had only ten months. When the change was made to the twelve-month solar year, two months were inserted ahead of March (Martius), once the first month of the year. So now the seventh month is the ninth month—but don't let it bother you! . . . Seventh month or ninth, it is back-to-school-month for thirty-some millions of girls and boys, young women and men. At the beginning of another school year *Hearthstone* reminds parents that they have a tremendous stake in our educational system. They should keep in close touch with it and keep it true to our basic conceptions of freedom. . . . Remember! "Where'er You Walk" as a pedestrian this year, watch your step! Fewer pedestrian accidents were listed in 1951 than in 1950. Let's cut it down still more in 1952!

The Book of the Ages

September 30 will be one of the most significant days of this century. On that day, not the book of the month, or the book of the year, or the book of the decade, but the Book of the Ages will appear in a new version. You will find an article on page 13 which gives some of the background for the appearance of this version.

Every home should plan to buy a copy of the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible as soon as possible. *Hearthstone* believes that the publishing of this version will lead to a greater interest in reading the Bible than has been exhibited in a long while. Having read many of the galleys of the Old Testament in advance of publication we think most people will like this version better than any previous one.

It is easier to read. The Bible, written originally in the current language of the people, appears once more in the language of the people.

It takes even the difficult names and places of the Old Testament and breaks them down into pronounceable chunks with the accented syllables marked.

It replaces obsolete words and phrases with those familiar to the twentieth century.

It is much more accurate than earlier versions, being based on recently discovered manuscripts that are much older than those used for reference when the King James Version was made.

It retains the flavor and much of the actual language of the older version, especially in those passages which are universally known and loved, such as Psalm 23.

Younger members of the family will find the new version much more readable. *Hearthstone* urges parents and churches to see to it that the first Bible given to a girl or boy be a copy of the *Holy Bible—Revised Standard Version.*

Better Uses for Atomic Power

We hear much these days about the terrible destructive power of atomic energy. Probably all that is said is true.

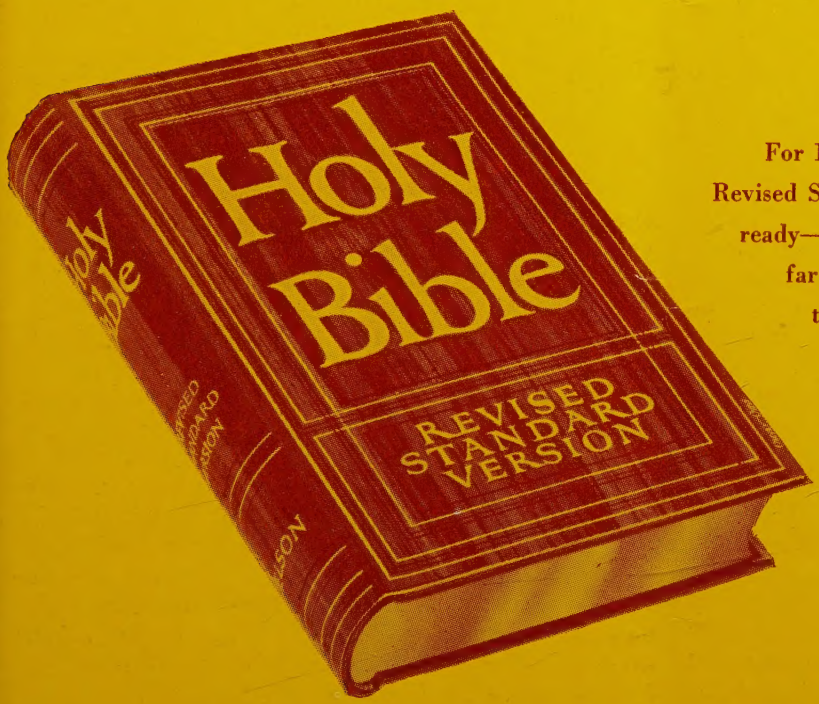
It is well to remind ourselves, however, that the same energy can be used for constructive, helpful purposes. It is already being used for heating equipment. It is being used to provide industrial power to some extent. It is being used to bring healing and help to sick bodies. It will probably be used for many other beneficial purposes as soon as the extreme concentration on war uses can be set aside.

Did you know that research in atomic energy helped to determine the age of the oldest Bible manuscript? Willard F. Libby, radio chemist of the University of Chicago, developed the method for dating by radioactivity. His conclusions confirmed the belief of archaeologists and literary scholars that the Hebrew scroll of the Book of Isaiah (see page 13), found near the Dead Sea a few years ago, is the oldest existent manuscript of the Bible yet discovered.

Great good will yet come of this new power.

Greatest Bible News in 341 Years

Announcing publication of the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible



For 16 years, leading Bible scholars worked at the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible. It is now ready—more accurate than any other version, and far easier to read. It is based on the most authoritative manuscripts—some, recently discovered, more ancient than any previously known. It is written in the living language we use today, yet the poetic beauty of the King James Version is preserved. Here, at last, is a Bible *all* can read, understand, enjoy.

Publication date: SEPTEMBER 30, 1952. Orders now accepted.

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. . . THE HARVEST IS COME

THERE IS an old saying—"For the fruits of the harvest look to the spring." Daily family devotions is the spring that determines how rich our spiritual harvest will be. If we sow with a lavish hand we will reap in the same measure.

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